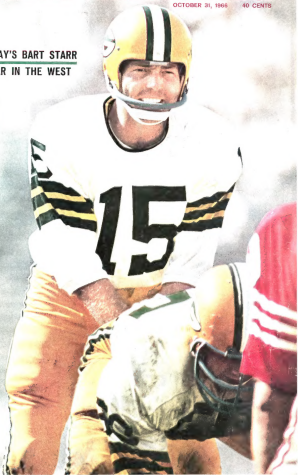


Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 31, 1966 40 CENTS

GREEN BAY'S BART STARR
HOT WAR IN THE WEST





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'67 SS 396

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Next week

POWER IN THE PACIFIC will be plainly evident as offshore oil-drillers race north from Long Beach. But other energies will be there—in the air, on the land and on the sea.

KING EMULE of the middle-weights, who wants Jay-Archer in a rematch, is all sorts of things to all sorts of people. An intimate look at the beneficent and paradoxical Griffith.

A NEW LEGEND is being created at Notre Dame as Coach Ara Paraghiian and his sophomore stars, Terry Warrick and Jim Seymour, make the Irish the best team in the nation.

4

...at posh parties in Morocco



...with skis the best skiers



...in London's swatched on night scene



...with the
museums in
Manhattan

Today's Haig

for today's taste

...with the
elegance in
the Avoniles



...with smooth swings

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SCORECARD

THE RED SHIRTS ARE COMING

Although the merger of the NFL and AFL merely awaits a flourish of President Johnson's pen, all won't be quiet for long on the pro-football front. In December both leagues will have to deal with the red shirts, the 35 college seniors drafted as freshmen last winter. Despite the merger, there will be competitive bidding for them and it won't be pan-sake.

The two players likely to command the most money are Notre Dame Halfback Nick Eddy and USC Flanker Back Rod Sherman. Eddy was the No. 1 choice of both Detroit and Denver; Sherman was selected first by Oakland and fourth by Baltimore.

Another item of unfinished controversy is the rule book for the supergame. For example, in the AFL you can go for the two-point conversion, while all extra points in the NFL are worth one point. May we suggest the $\frac{1}{2}$ -point compromise, which has the added advantage of confounding the bookies, who in the past have gotten away with such fanciful spreads as $3\frac{1}{2}$ points? Would they dare make a number of $3\frac{1}{2}$?

QFF AND GUNNING

The hunting season is here again, and the trigger-happy pinheads are out in force. In Nevada, for instance, they're using helicopters to chase deer from their beds. "There's really not much we can do about it," says Mike Toome, chairman of the Washoe County Game Management Board. "We don't believe our present laws are adequate."

In Colorado, when Mr. and Mrs. Alva Ormsbee of Montrose packed their pet dokey, Jenny, on an elk-hunting trip, they took no chances. Suzanne Ormsbee covered Jenny with a red sheet and tied bright red streamers on her tail, neck and halter. While Mrs. Ormsbee was setting up camp on a plateau called High Mesa, Jenny grazed 10 feet off. A hunter from Mississippi, who was on a guided pack trip, got Jenny with his second shot from 75 yards. "It was a gut-shot," Mrs.

Ormsbee says. "I knew she didn't have a chance, so I made the man shoot her again to put her out of her misery. He shot her in the neck, turned away and left. But after he had gone Jenny started to get up, so I had to shoot her again because my husband was off hunting. The man said Jenny's ears looked to him like the spikes of a young elk. I never saw any kind of elk that looked like Jenny."

And in San Francisco the local epicurean society, in a test case, sent Bob Sutherland, an executive of the Lighthouse for the Blind, to a sporting-goods store for a hunting license. Sutherland paid \$4 and got his license. He has 20", vision.

NO ZIP, NO LP

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country, and you won't find a more patriotic bunch of fellows than the Miami Beach City Council. Learning that the Beach was going to be imperiled by a closed-circuit telecast of the Cassius Clay-Cleveland Williams fight, they put the kibosh on it. Fortunately such yahoos are now in the minority: 40,000 fans are expected to watch the fight in the Houston Astrodome on Nov. 14, and 125 locations in more than 100 cities will be showing it on TV.

"No one is happier than I am to be fighting in my own country," Clay said the other day from Miami Beach, where, paradoxically, one may still watch him train without being investigated. "I don't think the real fans ever wanted me to leave the country. It was just a few pressure groups who made things tough. I was always acceptable to the masses."

The Williams fight will be Clay's fifth title defense this year. Of the heavy-weight champions, only Tommy Burns (in 1908) and Joe Louis (in 1941) had more—seven apiece. But although Clay is fighting more, he is enjoying it less. "I'm tired," Clay said. "And I'm getting bored. Training and fighting. Training and fighting. I guess I'm just not like I used to be. When I fought Liston I was hungry, full of zip. I wanted to show

everybody how great I was. I don't ever feel like talking up the Williams fight, shooting off my mouth. In my last four fights it's been like fighting an old movie of Muhammad Ali. My opponents have all the zip. Maybe—well, maybe—the Ali who fought Liston would have taken out the Listons, Coopers and Mildensbergers, him, bam, boom. Then, too, the Ali of two years ago didn't have this bad right hand, it's not broke or nothing. It's just a bad bone bruise and it usually heals, but I keep hitting it again during the fights. It just seems like fighting for the tale is no longer the most important thing in the world."

FAIR CATCH

"This is something I don't expect to happen again," Norman Krumeich says about catching his 41-pound striped bass, and he is probably right, it probably won't. He caught the bass with his bare hands after one of the fairer fights a man has entered into with a fish.

Krumeich, a Port Monmouth, N.J. plumber, was diving for lobsters off New Jersey's Shark River inlet when he saw the big bass lurking on a shelf at 25 feet—18 inches of line and a sinker hanging from its mouth. Krumeich grabbed for the line and got it, but for three minutes the bass seemed to have caught



Krumeich. Krumeich weighs 195 pounds and was carrying 20 pounds of lead, but the fish towed him down, up and in circles. Krumeich's air was limited, so he didn't want to go down on the surface, fishing boats were heading in, so he didn't want to go up. But when the bass rolled and shed the hook, seeing Krumeich free, he didn't want that either.



Bob Engelhardt used to think his guitar company was too small for an IBM system.

Bob Engelhardt, president of Valco Guitars, Inc., has a \$541-a-month IBM system in the front office of his small Chicago plant.

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SCORECARD *continued*

so he grabbed for the vanishing tail. The fish, by this time, was tired out from playing the man, and on the third try Krumschick got it. With one hand in its gills and the other in its mouth Krumschick crawled up on a nearby jetty.

Krumschick is having the fish mounted. It will be smaller than the 57-pound striper—caught by more conventional means—already hanging in his office, but there will be a good deal more to be said about the 48-pounder.

ROOM FOR ONE MORE

The Michigan State-Notre Dame game Nov. 19 has been a sellout for weeks—or it was until MSI Ticket Director William Beardley received a letter from Richard S. Paisley of Cleveland.

"I am wondering about the following," Paisley wrote. "If President Johnson phoned or wrote you asking for a ticket I'm sure you would be able to send him one. Well, President Johnson will not be there, I'm certain. So why not send me the ticket you would have had for him?"

In the face of such logic what could Beardley do but mail Paisley his ticket. Although Lynda Bird, J. Edgar Hoover and Soupy Sales won't be there, either, forget about it, says Beardley: "This will be the only exception."

ALL-WORLD, I GUESS

When the U.S. finished 11th out of the 22 teams in the World Volleyball Championships in Czechoslovakia it was something of a surprise—the U.S. had been figured no better than 18th. Even more surprising was the composition of the All-World volleyball team picked after the championships. It was made up of two Czechs, a Russian, a Hungarian, a Red Chinese and Smitty Duke, who teaches Texas history at Bowie Junior High School in Irving, Texas.

Duke, 24, is no stranger to "all" teams: at the University of Dallas he was a three-time NAIA All-America baseball player, but his heart wasn't in it. "I was never satisfied with the conventional sports," he says. "I was always trying to find something else. It seems as though I've always been guided by a sort of master plan—one that inevitably brought me straight to volleyball. I've asked myself a dozen times what makes me so passionate about volleyball. Well, it's magnetic. Also, it's a 'down' sport. Once it gets a hold of you, you want to get it

continued

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SCORECARD *Continued*

out in the open for everybody to know. Purple who are connected with it are fanatics. I'm fanatical about my conditioning, but I also get a lot of help. I mean that. It's true, believe me. When I don't want to run my wife makes me run at least a mile. She simply says, 'If you don't run you don't eat.' I run."

Becoming All-World hasn't gone to Duke's head. For one thing, hardly anyone knows about it; to date, no Texas newspaper has spread the news. In fact, Duke can't quite believe he is All-World. "There was a lot of confusion over there," he explains. "I heard all kinds of descriptions of what I'd won, mostly by sign language. I got a very nice solid-crystal decanter that says 'Volleyball World Championship' on it in Czechoslovakian, I guess. You think you might be able to let the Associated Press know about me being All-World? I'd sure like my old friends to know about it."

TRUE TO FORM

A horse named Cuckoobern finished first in a race at Beldah Park in Grove City, Ohio but was disqualified for interfering and placed second.

A SIXTH PRIZE

According to the old contest gag, first prize is a week in Philadelphia, second prize is two weeks in Philadelphia. This comes to mind because Birds Eye is running the National Football League Sweepstakes. As one of the first prizes, your kid's favorite NFL football player will visit you and your family for a day. There are 4,945 other prizes. According to the latest gag, the 4,945th is a two-week visit by Joe Don Looney.

WHERE'S JOE MURDOY?

Notre Dame is famous for its subway alumni, who are largely New York Irishmen feeling no pain who never went to Notre Dame, or near there, but who busily identify. For the past three years Ripon (pronounced Rippin') College of Ripon, Wis. has had its subway alumni, too—the Pennsylvania Subway Alumni Club. The club has 33 members, most of whom work for Michael Baker Jr., Inc. of Rochester, Pa.—a consulting-engineering firm—and none of whom had gone to Ripon or, for that matter, had heard of Ripon until the 1963 Ripon-Cee game was included in an office football pool as a gag. Ripon is which they mispronounced Rip-on-on-on.

Continued

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SCORECARD continued

the club was straightaway founded and its members have been imbued with the Old Ripon spirit ever since.

They wear Ripon sweat shirts, wave Ripon pennants, paste Ripon decals on their windshields and Ripon stickers on their bumpers, and cover their books with Ripon book covers. Each week during the football season they send Ripon Coach John Stotzer an inspirational telegram, and the club has held the Ripon Munch-On (a Girl Scout cookie raffle), the Ripon Chip-On (a golf tournament) and the Ripon Bowl-On (a bowling tournament) to raise funds for all the sweat shirts, pennants, decals, etc.

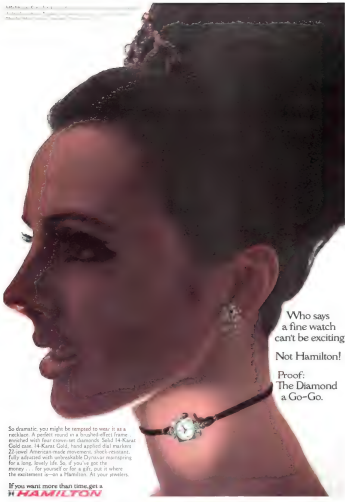
The club president is Joe Mundo, and before this year's Ripon-Coe game the membership talked him into driving the 650 miles to Ripon to see it in person. Mundo arrived unannounced, but his fame had preceded him. No sooner had he hit town than the cry was raised: "Where's Joe Mundo?" He must have been found, for he was the guest of honor at the Ripon Alumni Association reception, he got five guided tours of the Ripon campus and he met everyone from the Ripon president, Dr. Bernard S. Adams, down to Mrs. Allen Bruce of the Ripon College Bookstore—the source of the sweat shirts, pennants, decals, etc.—with whom he had dinner. Mundo sat on the Ripon bench during the game (Ripon won again 42-4) and returned to Rochester with snapshots of the Ripon campus and two game films, which will be shown at the next meeting of the Pennsylvania Subway Alumni Club.

THEY SAID IT

- Jim Burke, Dallas Cowboy tackle, on big bonuses: "I wasn't exactly a bonus baby. I went to coffee with the scout, and when he offered me \$6,500 I not only signed, I paid for the coffee."
- Jackie McCoy, fight manager, on his new lightweight sensation, Mando Ramos, who has won 12 straight: "Don't call him a second Golden Boy. We had one; that was enough. There was nobody like Art Aragon. He was a perfect combination—showman, fighter and rat."
- Bill Voock on Michael Burke, new Yankee president who was formerly general manager for Ringling Bros. and Barram & Bailey Circus: "I'm glad to see Mr. Burke has a circus background. When you're in 10th place having bees with a circus gives you a better appreciation of clowns."

END

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Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 31, 1999

HEATED PURSUIT OF THE

Despite missing out of Minnesota's Pro Bowl, Darren Sprock gets away and after a long pursuit, the Vikings' Al Harris crosses the goal.



PACKERS

While Green Bay romped to a 56-3 triumph over hapless Atlanta, the old pro battery of the Colts—Johnny Unitas to Raymond Berry—produced a victory that kept Baltimore on the heels of the western division leader

CONTINUED

With RBT a snap, an excellent Ed Sharkeyman will begin to reach us for the touchdown pass that put the Colts ahead 10-0 early in the fourth quarter.





IT WAS WIN OR DIE IN A TURBULENT RACE

by TEX MAULE

It was win or die in the West last Sunday as the National Football League season reached midpoint with four teams in contention and another—the Chicago Bears—moving up. The leading Green Bay Packers, who would have perished of shame if they had lost to the league's weakest team, the Falcons, were comfortable winners; the Colts averted disaster with a stinging, desperate 20-17 victory over Minnesota to take second place; the 49ers, improving on a poor start, popped up to third; and the Bears, starting to move late in the campaign, as usual, nudged the Rams to their second straight defeat and down to fourth place, a position from which they might move directly to Forest Lawn if they do not wake up a bit.

As they have so often in the past, the Colts won their tense game on the daring arm of John Unas, who completed 17 of 28 passes for 214 yards and a touchdown. The Colt defense put heavy pressure on the Vikings' roving quarterback, Fran Tarkenton, and jarred him out of his normal patterns. Nevertheless, Tarkenton's passes kept Minnesota in the game until the last few seconds.

This bitterly played game reflected perfectly the heat of the race in the West. Before the Colts took the field Coach Don Shula told them to forget about Green Bay. "You've been thinking about the Packers and what they are doing," Shula said. "We can't win that way. You have to take today's game, then the next game and the next. We can't do anything about Green Bay until we play them again."

Norm Van Brocklin's Vikings, picked as strong contenders before the season but losers of four games already, also considered this a game they had to win if they were to salvage anything from what they had thought would be a good year. "I've never seen Van Brocklin so nervous before a game," one Viking official remarked. "On the team, for that matter."

The Dutchman, a swashbuckling quarterback in his playing days, perhaps had been too careful early in the season. The previous week, before the Vikings thumped the Rams, he had said, "We've been too cautious. Tarkenton's a gambler and we have to play that type of game."

Tarkenton took Van Brocklin's words to heart. On one of his more spectacular plays, he handed the ball off to his fullback, Bill Brown, who promptly turned and lateraled the ball back to Tarkenton. While this daisy-doedler was taking place behind the line of scrimmage, Lind Paul Flatley drilled past the burned Baltimore secondary and finally caught a 41-yard pass. That adventurous maneuver set up one of the Viking touchdowns.

The high-voltage atmosphere on the field led to a riot in the second period when Jimmy Orr, the Baltimore flanker, and Minnesota Defensive Back Farrell Muckbee started fighting near the Viking bench. Orr might have been demolished except that big Jim Parker brought his 275 pounds to the defense, howling over three Vikings en route. With the entire Viking bench swarming toward him, Parker restrained, Orr and Muckbee were then kicked out of the game. The loss left the Vikings with only one victory and a tie in six games—that is to say, among the dogs.

The Rams, whose offense spatters more than it sparks behind the quarterbacking of Roman Gabriel and Bill Musson, could not cope with the tough Bear defense, the passing of Rudy Bukich or the running of Gale Sayers.

The big lesson of the day was that the race in the West will turn on the quarterbacks. The best in the West and, indeed, in all football, are Unas and Bart Starr. As everyone knows, Unas is one of the finest quarterbacks on all time; as everyone should know, Starr is one of them, too.

Starr is the perfect man for the meticulous, grinding Green Bay offense and

he has just as much cool and just as much generalship as Unas.

"We're different types," Unas comments. "Bart's an excellent quarterback, but he calls plays to control the ball, and I gamble. I throw anytime. But he's a fine passer. Look at his statistics."

On Sunday, Starr played only the first half in the Packers' 36-3 rout of the Falcons, and he did nothing but good for his statistics by completing eight of 11 passes for 217 yards. Remember the Packers' million-dollar rookies, Danny Anderson and Jim Grabowski? They had not been playing a great deal on the veteran-oriented team, but against the Falcons they exploded—Anderson for two touchdowns, including a 77-yard punt return, and Grabowski for 52 yards rushing. Fullback Jim Taylor caused a riot in kind of excitement by announcing that he was playing out his option.

Meanwhile, in Baltimore, Unas was concerned only to prove that the Colts could win when it was essential, and he accomplished that aim.

Sunday's victory put Baltimore in position for a strong run down the home stretch. The Colts have eight games to play, two against Eastern opponents—one of them hapless Atlanta, the other Washington, which is hardly a powerhouse. Green Bay, with seven games remaining, must play the dangerous Vikings twice during the next eight weeks.

The championship of the West might well be decided on December 10, when the Packers and the Colts meet in Baltimore on the next-to-last weekend of the season. Both teams have strong defenses, both have good receivers. The Packers have an edge in running, with five exceptional backs. But the outcome almost certainly will depend on which of the two golden arms is the better on that afternoon. Starr is a superstar in that gaudy opening win in Milwaukee (SL Sept. 19), when he was throwing to Boyd Dowler and Unas was throwing interceptions to Packer defenders.

continued

Excerpted from a special issue of the Atlanta Journal-Constitution. Green Bay's high-pressure pass by Danny Anderson drives off a 17-yard punt return for a Packers win.

Until they meet again, their merits will be endlessly debated.

"It's like comparing cheese and chalk," says Baltimore's Orr. "Johnny has free control of the club, I think. Bart follows a fairly strict game plan. But he is a brilliant play-caller. Johnny gambles more, we're more of a gambling team. I've seen John throw a ball into a spot you'd think no one would throw to and get away with it. But Starr calls a beautiful game. When we're in trouble, John usually throws. When Green Bay is in trouble, Starr can do anything—run or throw, call a draw, sweep, whatever."

"He's confident," a Bear player said after the Packers beat Chicago a week ago. "You can't rattle him. You can't make him mad. He's got more confidence than almost anyone."

This is the new Starr, of course. It was not always so. Bryan Bartlett Starr (*no error*) is a quiet, affident man who has spent much of his professional life sitting on the bench in the shadow of smaller men. He is now, and for six years has been, the starting quarterback of the Packers. During those six years, if you go by statistics, he has been just about the best quarterback in the league, and the Packers have the championships to show it. Unitas is generally accepted as the nonpareil among quarterbacks, but the accompanying charts will show that he is not that much better than Starr, if at all. This year Starr is leading the league. In seven games he has completed 91 of 143 passes—an amazing 62.8 percentage—for 1,429 yards. This is better than Johnny U's 1966 performance by a significant amount. He has had only three passes intercepted, as compared to Unitas' eight—one of the real tests of the ability of a passer. Yet if you asked the average pro football fan which of the two is the better quarterback, the answer, except from inhabitants of Green Bay, would be Unitas.

When Starr came to the Packers in 1959—the same year Unitas joined the Colts—he was not imbued with the kind of cocky self-confidence that is part of the makeup of most pro quarterbacks. He had come to Green Bay from Alabama, where he had just finished a shattering senior year sitting on the bench. J. B. (Earl) Whitworth had taken over the Alabama team and decided that he would live or die with his sophomores. This meant that Starr, a senior in his

sophomore and junior years, had to spend his senior year out of the action. The fact that he had an ailing back contributed to Whitworth's decision.

Starr has a serious face and, remembering his difficulties at Alabama, it was said, "I guess if I hadn't got married my junior year, I wouldn't have been able to stand it. My wife was a wonderful help. For a young person, she had a lot of maturity."

Despite his relative obscurity, Starr was drafted 17th by Green Bay.

"Johnny Orr, the basketball coach at Alabama, was responsible for that," Starr said. "He was a good friend of the late Jack Vannisi, the Green Bay scout, and he talked him into taking a chance. It's a good thing he did. I was down as low as I have ever been. I have never had much confidence. That was the year I started doubting my own ability."

In early summer before he reported to the Green Bay camp in his rookie year, Starr worked hard and long to improve himself. He and Cherry, his wife, spent the summer at her parents' home.

"I built an A-frame in their front yard," Starr recalls. "Then I hung a tire on it and practiced throwing the ball through the tire from different angles for hours every day. Cherry fielded the ball for me."

There were five quarterbacks in the Green Bay camp when Starr reported. Tobin Koté was the veteran and the No. 1 man. It was not a situation to cheer a player suffering the self-doubt Starr felt.

"I didn't know I had it made until the last cut, just before the league season," Starr says. "When I stuck, it was one of the happiest moments of my life. I'm not sure why I did, but I remember I had one good half in an exhibition game against the Giants."

Starr roomed with Koté, who is as unlike him as is possible.

"He taught me a lot," Bart says. "He was a real hard-nosed guy. He had his own style and he was set in it, but he treated me great and he gave me tips. He didn't have to do that. The first thing he told me was, 'Kid, you have to learn to zip the ball a little. You won't make it in this league throwing cream puffs.' He had tremendous courage, too. He took his bumps and never said a word. That's something else I learned from him."

Starr played little his first year, but in 1957, when the Packers traded for an old

lodel, Babe Parilli, he saw more action, under Head Coach Soster McLean.

"It was a kind of musical-chairs year," he says. "Babe played most, though. I just wasn't doing the job. I loved the life and enjoyed football, but it was discouraging to go home at the end of the season and realize I had done so poorly. I wasn't emotionally mature, and I wasn't over the college letdown. I couldn't give leadership. Looking back, I realize that, but I tried not to be aware of it at the time. The only way to build confidence is to succeed, and for three or four years I had not succeeded at anything in football. I would go into a game confident on the surface, but I could not stand failure."

When Lombardi came to the Packers in 1959 Starr still had a lot to prove.

"I looked at the movies and decided the first thing I needed was help at quarterback," Lombardi says now. "So I traded for Lamar McHan."

"I was impressed with Lombardi the first time I met him," Starr says. "I wasn't overjoyed when he traded for a quarterback right away, but I didn't blame him. He brought the quarterbacks in early for schooling in his system in June, and I could feel his confidence and organization and self-discipline right away. He knew what he was talking about. He wanted the quarterbacks to have a head start when camp started, and we did. We had three weeks to maintain his offense before training began."

McHan started at quarterback at the beginning of the 1959 season, but midway lost the job to Starr. (The following year confirmed Starr's No. 1 status, although he went through an uncertain time when McHan started three games but then faltered.)

"I began to gain some confidence in a game against Detroit on Thanksgiving Day in 1959," Starr says. "I had a good day and we won the game. But the real big game for me—the one that really did it—was the last game of the season, against the 49ers. I had studied coach's offense and the keys and how to read defenses and I knew, theoretically, how to take advantage of them, but it was still just theory and I had trouble seeing these things in a game. In San Francisco everything fell in place all at once. It was like taking a veil from in front of my eyes. It was a real revelation."

The revelation that came to Starr in San Francisco has never left him; he is

regarded by defensive players in the league as probably the best of all quarterbacks at calling audibles at the line of scrimmage and at analyzing defense. Says Dick Veris, the defensive coach of the 49ers: "Bart Starr is one of the great quarterbacks. You can't take any kind of gamble against him. Any gamble produces a weakness and he always finds it. For instance, if you blitz him, he'll let you come within inches and then flick the ball out on a screen pass for big gain."

Although Starr has quarterbacked the Packers to three NFL championships in six years and has them well on their way to another, his task has not grown easier with experience.

"The big change in recent years has been in defense," he says. "I mean, that afternoon in San Francisco when I suddenly found that I could read their defense could never happen again. That's one of the reasons it is tough on young quarterbacks. Everyone disguises their defense so well now. They don't let you see it until the ball has been snapped. Now you have to read it as you drop back to pass."

Like most pro clubs, the Packers use a nonrhythmic signal call, simply because of the ever-shifting defense. Instead of the old "hut-one, hut-two" in a rhythmic chant, the quarterback calls the signals at varying intervals, pausing between calls as long as he wants, trying to catch the defense in motion or in a formation vulnerable to the play he has called. With the nonrhythmic chant, he can also call audibles later.

"I get an awful lot of help from Zeke Bratkowski," Starr says. "You can't imagine how much it means to have a man of his stature on the phone." Bratkowski is the No. 2 Green Bay quarterback and a close friend of Starr's. The two spend hours in Starr's basement going over football film.

Needless to say, Starr suffers no longer from a feeling of inadequacy. "Loser's bother me," he says, "but then I used to suffer agonies. I've learned a lot from Coach Lombardi. In 1963 I told him that I had learned so many lessons playing football for him that I felt I could be a success at anything in life. Failure used to fester in me, but not anymore."

In midseason 1966 Lombardi himself is ready to send for another year of success in football. That's not just anything to Vince; it's everything.

A STARR RISES IN THE GAME'S DOMINANT WEST

In recent years the Western Conference has dominated the National Football League perhaps even more strongly than the National League has ruled baseball, but whereas that sport's pendulum of power seems to be swinging back toward the American League, there is no real evidence that football supremacy is about to shift to the East.

Within the Eastern Conference, the Giants have forsaken the old New York-Cleveland leadership axis and St. Louis and Dallas have come thrusting up. These two are having a lovely race with the Browns (who belted the Cowboys 30-21 on Sunday), but the most important one, as usual, is in the West, where the ultimate winner will be favored to take not only the NFL championship but also the supergame with the AFL.

The weight of history is with the West. Consider these facts:

- The West has won four of the last five NFL championship games, seven of the last 10 and 10 of the last 15.

- The West stands 79-53-5 in 10 years of interconference play, had a 15-1 season in 1965 and a 10-4 year in 1966.

- In 12 of the last 16 years the Western champion has been determined in the final game of the regular season or in a playoff. During the same period the Eastern title has become that heated only seven times. This reflects a better balance in the West, as does the fact that five Western teams have won at least two conference championships since 1950, while only the Browns and the Giants have dominated the East.

- The West leads the East 7-5 in the last 10 Pro Bowl all-star games and also leads 5-1 in the Playoff Bowl.

Just as National League baseball has two great individual and team rivalries, Sandy Koussal vs. Juan Marichal and the Dodgers vs. the Giants—the Western Conference has football's most exciting matchups in Bart Starr vs. Johnny Unitas and the Packers vs. the Colts.

Both Starr and Unitas came into the NFL in 1956, when their teams were among the also-rans, but, while Unitas took command in 1957, Starr did not become No. 1 for Green Bay until three years later. Behind Starr's quarterbacking the Packers have won four conference titles and three league championships in the past six years. With Unitas at quarterback the Colts have won three conference and two NFL titles. During the 10-year Starr-Unitas era, the Packers have an 11-10 record against the Colts.

The tables below show in detail how the two men compare—their lifetime performance through 1965 and the 10-year confrontation (1960-1965) after Starr became a regular. They reflect the Colts' great dependence on Unitas' passing—the put the ball into the air 1,200 times more often than Starr. But they also show that Starr ranks ahead of Unitas in completion percentage and percent intercepted.

Despite the glowing statistics, Starr's virtues were obscured by Unitas' viciousity. Part of the trouble—if, indeed, it was trouble—was that Starr had a powerful running game in support, and frequently gave the ball to Hornung or Taylor. He passed enough, however, to keep the Packers' opponents honest, and to improve his own skills. This year, for the first time, these skills are being recognized as of classic quality.

	SEASON (1960-1965)		CAREER (1960-1965)	
	STARR	UNITAS	STARR	UNITAS
GAMES	126	325	81	79
PASSES ATTEMPTED	2,869	3,313	1,519	2,183
COMPLETED	1,372	1,811	685	1,280
PERCENT COMPLETED	47.8	54.7	45.1	58.8
YARDAGE GAINED	15,929	26,843	12,268	17,899
AVERAGE GAIN PER ATTEMPT	7.7	8.1	8.1	8.2
AVERAGE GAIN PER COMPLETION	11.68	14.82	11.89	14.81
TOUCHDOWNS-PASSES	67	218	38	126
INTERCEPTIONS	28	149	36	161
PERCENT INTERCEPTED	4.3	4.5	3.7	4.6

COPS AND ROBBERS IN MEXICO CITY

The police waved their pistols, a rioting crowd bombarded the ring and the winner turned out to be the loser in a wild and bloody championship fight

by MARK KRAM

He was doubled up at the bottom of the steps of his corner, and he was crying. Somebody had kicked him in the spine. His face and body were covered with blood, most of which belonged to Sugar Ramos. He reached out for a pair and put it over his head. A stare, just rising his trainer, glanced off the pad, and his handlers raised him to his feet and tried to carry Carlos Ortiz, the lightweight champion of the world, back to his dressing room.

The Mexico City cops, who could not police a boxer show, were in front of the champion, their pistols drawn. Halfway to the dressing room, one of them put his gun in his holster and turned and took a swing at the head in the pail. He missed, but he did catch another policeman with his follow-through. The two cops began throwing punches at each other. Some of their colleagues stepped in and arrested them.

By this time Ortiz and his handlers had made it to the dressing room. Beneath the window of the room hundreds of Mexicans, waving their fists and flapping their mouths, assailed the police

who were guarding the entrance to the fighter's room. The rest of the mob screamed and threw handfuls of Mexican pennies at the window. "Cover the window. Cover it," Ortiz shouted, dabbing a towel at a small nick on the outside corner of his right eye, he then sat down calmly.

"I'll kill Ramos," he said, his voice rising with each word. "I'll kill him, if that is what they want. I'll commit homicide if that is what the commission wants."

"I wouldn't send him back in there for 50 million dollars," said his manager, Bill Daly, his head and face secured with blood.

Meanwhile Sugar Ramos, his left eye bulging and cut deeply just below the bone ridge, sat by himself in his corner of the ring. The arena echoed with his name. He did not acknowledge the roar, but instead sat rigidly on his stool. He was waiting for Ortiz to return to the ring.

"Mr. Daly," said Sergio Vela, the secretary of the Mexican boxing commission, who had made his way down to Ortiz's dressing room, "you cannot



Out of the party, a policeman measures ringsters just after referee declared Ortiz the winner.

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY 11



have 10 minutes to return to the ring. If you do not, Ramos will be declared the lightweight champion of the world."

"Listen, you punk," said Daly. "You couldn't get us out there if you put a machine gun on us."

"In that case," said Vele, "this is a fraud, and you will not receive one penny. Sugar Ramos is now the champion."

"Get lost, ya bean eater," Daly shouted.



Blood soaks the collar of Manager Daly, who comforts Ortiz as his other city side attempts to protect the fighter from harassment.

ed. "Sugar Ramos is the champion of nothing, and you people are nothing. You aren't even good bandits. The Mexican people ought to be ashamed of what happened here tonight." And that was how the fight for the lightweight championship of the world ended last Saturday night.

The bad feeling hung on you from the start, like the black shawls worn by the old, toothless peasant women. Even as the cold, late-afternoon Mexican sky began to hide, you could reach out and feel the strangeness and the ominous hum that would explode and rip the night apart and turn the Plaza del Torero into a mauling zoo unstable even for a jungle full of monkeys.

It was a night for pickpockets—the smoothest in the world are in Mexico City—and a night for every shut-out marksman looking for a score. A night for the old women to peddle their leather goods and their fried pork meat and beans; a night for the unrelenting lottery-ticket salesman; and a night for the kids with the sad, lacerous eyes and guile faces to polish their beginners' crudeness in petty theft, a subject meticulously taught in the *Herradase de la Miseria*, the *Homeschool of Misery*.

Twenty-three thousand pushed and jostled their way into the bullring where Manolete had performed and where Antonio Giraldo had made one of his flawless fights against a bull named Cocabel. They came from the *Horseshoe*, which is on the rim of Mexico City, where the bullring is located, and they came from downtown to see Carlos Ortiz defend his championship against Sugar Ramos, a Cuban who now lives in Mexico City.

None of them, it seemed certain during the preliminary bouts, which were splashed with blood, would consider the evening a success unless they saw ungodly or cruelly spread before them. Blood and stupid courage—this is what boxing is to them, this is why the poets who make only 120 pesos (\$10 a week) will let the loan companies for the price of a ticket. A lot of them pack a gun or a knife. Every one was searched before entering the bullring, but inside you could still see gun butts dangling out of coat pockets.

"They're animals," said Daly.

"We've been all over the world," said Ortiz, "and we've never seen anything like it."

Ortiz has seldom looked sharper anywhere else. The 30-year-old champion, stronger and cockier than ever before in training, stayed with his punishing left jab in the first round. He was beating Ramos, who catches a lot of punches, with the jab and forcing him to come in close. In the second round Ortiz jabbed again, and then made the mistake of dropping his hand too quickly. Ramos came in with a right, and Ortiz went down. He was up immediately, shaking his head and smiling. He never really believes any one can hurt him.

In the third round Ortiz, wary of Ramos' right hand, began to hook off his jab. Flurrying with his hook and following with solid rights, Ortiz started to close Ramos' left eye. In the fourth, Ortiz clubbed away at that eye, and blood flowed from an inch-long cut. Ortiz put a rocking combination together, Ramos' legs wobbled and the blood from Ramos' eye was all over Ortiz's nose. Billy Conn, the referee, stepped in and signaled for the boxing commission's doctor to come up and look at it. The crowd exploded. The doctor refused to enter the ring.

At the end of the fourth round Conn walked over to the doctor and said, "Listen, Doc. You better get in there and take a look at that eye. I don't want the boys to get hurt." The doctor remained seated, telling Conn to wait and see how the eye held up in the fifth round. If it became worse, stop the fight, the doctor said. Ramos' corner men could not close the cut, and in the fifth a pair of jolting right hands extended and deepened the wound and sent drops of blood spraying over ringside.

Conn paced the fighters and motioned once more for the doctor. When the doctor did not move, Conn stopped the fight.

The bullring seemed to shake under the roar of protest from the crowd. Rocks, peso coins, chains and a shower of flaming newspapers were thrown down at the ring. Reporters pulled their coats over their heads and dropped to the dirt. By this time the doctor had recovered his nerve and had scrambled into the ring. His forehead was cut by the flying debris, and blood trickled

down his nose. He told Conn that he was right in stopping the fight. He was. It was only a matter of time before Ortiz' whiplike punches would have leveled—and perhaps permanently injured—Ramos.

In the meantime Ortiz, his gloves on—enough to head, groped for his corner, and Bill Daly jumped into the ring. He had been hit by a rock, and his head and face dripped blood. He guided Ortiz to his corner, and they started down the steps. But Ramon Velasquez, a Mexican boxing official and the Secretary-Treasurer of the organization sanctioning the fight, the World Boxing Council, was so confused with the World Boxing Association, with which it is at war, mistaken angrily to them not to leave the ring. Daly made an appropriate motion in reply, and then jumped down the steps where Ortiz, having just been kicked in the back, was on one knee in the dirt. Daly bent down and was kicked in the ribs before he could get Ortiz up and moving toward the dressing room.

Conn escaped from the ring without harm, but he had to swing his way through a few Mexicans to get to his dressing quarters. "Ramos would have lost his eye if the fight continued," Conn said. "I kept asking the doctor to come in, but he was scared. He seemed to know how this crowd would react, and he did not want to be put on the spot."

Half an hour after the decision was announced, Daly decided he and Ortiz would leave. When the police said it was not safe to go, Daly started to grab a gun out of a policeman's holster and shouted, "I'll get in out of here." But the police got Daly calmed down, and 90 minutes later Ortiz and Daly were still in their dressing room. Daly, his cracked rib taped, peered out the window. Outside, a crowd of southern-faced Mexicans stood, their faces pushed against the iron bars of a gate.

"Well, let's go, Carlos," said Daly. "There's some money we got to see about."

The manager and the fighter left. "Señor Daly," a police captain called, "wait for the protection."

"Ha!" said Daly. He and the lightweight champion of the world moved through the crowd, and their eyes did not miss a face.

END



His left eye near almost shut, Ramos looks he is now "champion." Below: official doctor who had refused to check Ramos' eye in ring side at own wound, is hit by a flying shoe.



WAY UP HIGH AND OUT OF BREATH

In another part of the Mexican capital there was a rather different scene of disorder—the Little Olympics trial run for the 1968 Games. There, results were as expected: mild chaos and utter exhaustion. **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Oxygen is odorless, tasteless, colorless, essential to breathers and scarce at high altitudes. Mexico City, which is a mile and a half above the sea, takes your breath away. A long-distance runner with an inconspicuous past, a bachelor named Alvaro Mejia, came to run in Mexico City last week. Unlike every body else, he came down to run, down 1,200 feet from Bogotá, Colombia. Compared

to running in Bogotá, running in Mexico City is like rolling in oxygen. When Alvaro Mejia ran there last week, he did not grunt like a pig or die on the grass when he was through.

The significance of this intelligence as it relates to the 1968 Olympic Games, which will be held in Mexico City despite the worried songs of worried men who think the Mexicans incapable of pulling

it off, will be made clear after closer examination of Alvaro Mejia. School Mejia is 26 years old, self aluminum varco, has curly brown hair, a worthwhile smile, a flashing nose and a high regard for his freedom. ("In Colombia we have a saying, 'To marry is to die a little.'") He would never have become a runner had his bicycle not broken down when he was 17, because runners in Colombia



The Russians sent 27 doctors to Mexico to study athletes like Runner Andrey Kirov, here taking oxygen and armbanding 1967-1968 1967.

are far beneath cyclists and soccer players on the locker room social ladder. When he did become one he did not become much of one, as prominent runners go. It cost him \$1,000 out of his own pocket in 1964 to go to Japan and finish dead last in a qualifying heat for the Olympic 5,000 meters.

Last week Mejia was in Mexico City, still floating most of his bill, to compete in what has mistakenly been called the Little Olympics. The games that were held there for nine days were misnamed, because there was nothing that was really Olympic about them, either in design (the Mexicans put them on as a courtesy to countries interested in taking another institutional crack at the altitude) or in execution (they were grossly mishandled).

First, Mejia ran 5,000 meters in 14 minutes 20 seconds, almost a minute slower than Kipchoge Keino's world record. But he finished first, a gap ahead of Mohamed Gannouchi of Tunisia, an Olympic silver medal winner. Gannouchi, who had been training in the Alps, spread out on the grass at the finish and moaned. "Tres mal," George Young, an American Olympian who had come to the competition on short notice and practically no high-altitude training, finished a painful 15th. "It felt like my chest was going to split right down the middle," said Young.

Two days later, Mejia ran 10,000 meters in 30 minutes, 10.6 seconds, no threat to Ron Clarke's world record. But again he finished first, much stronger this time, sprinting actually well ahead of the Belgian Olympic star, Gaston Roelants. Gannouchi, third, was a non-factor. The same day, the veteran American miler, Jim Goffie, who is usually in shape, dropped out of the 1,500-meter final on the third lap, unable to coordinate his breathing. Asked if it were the altitude, Goffie snapped, "How would I know? I'm no doctor." But he knows, all right.

If the only thing to be learned from Mejia's startling success in Mexico City is a simple equation (i.e., to win at 7,000 feet, train at 8,000 feet), then a lot of people are wasting their time slopping around places like Albuquerque, N. Mex. (4,943 feet). But more to the point is the fact that the problems of rarified air are very real. Training cannot be taken lightly or begun late, and never mind those lip remarks of people who would never

imagine the situation, remarks like, "It is more a problem of attitude than altitude," and this one, by the International Olympic Committee president himself, Avery Brundage. "Well, I have just seen these fellows run 5,000 meters, and none of them dropped over dead."

Some countries are taking it quite seriously indeed. There were about 70 doctors with the 27 teams at Mexico City for the games last week. 21 of whom were Russian (the Russians said they only had 13, but they must have lost count). French swimmers showed up in advance to get acclimated, and made an excellent showing. German bicyclists were tested daily at a hospital. The Dutch had \$250,000 in equipment to check respiratory systems, blood chemistry, administer electrocardiograms, check windshield wipers, change oil and rotate tires.

The U.S. team of 23 men and women,

punched together and sponsored by the State Department as a goodwill gesture when it became evident the U.S. Olympic Committee was going to skip the competition, did not include any doctors. One doctor came along to watch his daughter swim. U.S. officials explained this away by saying that testing had been done in the same Little Olympics last year and was going on right now at high-altitude places like Albuquerque and the Air Force Academy in Colorado. But for the U.S. it still smelted of missed opportunity.

The Americans were not out in full force, obviously; they were not there to overpower anybody. Sometimes they were there just barely—Al Oerter arrived on Tuesday night, wore the discus throw on Wednesday afternoon and took a plane back to the U.S. Wednesday evening. Nevertheless, they won more gold medals than anybody else, principally

by Jeff Meade/USA Today



America's George Young said after his wearying race, "My chest felt like it would split."



There is no law against bird lovers seeing to it that their friends are fed during the cold weather, but the government says this does not apply to husters who get too corny

by DUNCAN BARNES

PLEASE DON'T FEED THE WATERFOWL

On a sweltering night this past summer at the Tidewater Inn in Easton, Md., a group of drinking men were talking about gadding, a subject that is as much a part of life on the Eastern Shore as fishing and crabbing. Briefly stated, the conversation went like this:

"There we were, the wind howling, and off! Bill, he was trying to handle that damn skiff and the two of us were rolling and hanging on to the gunnel with one hand and trying to dump that corn over with the other. Well, the boat was pitchin', and was it cold! My hands near froze. It was all we could do to corn that



Mind properly and not get swamped."

A second man, younger than the others and obviously a stranger in town, cut in.

"But isn't that baiting? I mean, putting all that corn out to bring the ducks in, it's illegal, isn't it?"

"Look," the shoreman replied, "I don't know where you got, but if you go down here, you bait. Sure, it's illegal, and you got to watch for them federal boys snooping around. But at our club we got a eight-foot steel fence around the marsh and telephones in every blind connected to the guardhouse at the main gate.

They have a hard time getting to us before we're back in the clubhouse playing cards. They can't touch us. Hell, you just ain't getting your money's worth if you don't sweeten up your goose field or dump a few bushels of corn around your shore blind. That's what the birds want. The guy on your left is doing it, and the guy down the bay is doing it. If you don't do it, too, why you're gonna get no gunning at all."

As every waterfowl hunter in the U.S. knows, or should know, it is illegal, under the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, to shoot or even attempt to shoot wild

ducks and geese over any area that has been deliberately baited with corn, grain, soybeans, sliced yams, Fritos or any other feed that acts as an enticement to such birds. In other words, you may not spot-bait—dump a bushel of wheat in front of your duck blind or pile up ears of corn around your goose decoys in a cornfield. But it is perfectly legal to shoot in a standing corn crop or over a flooded rice field (51, Oct. 3) or over any harvested crops, provided they are harvested in a "normal" manner and not manipulated with a disc harrow or a log dragged behind a tractor so as excess spillage is

Continued

scattered around. If you can afford it, you can legally farm your land strictly for the birds, by planting natural waterfowl foods such as duck potato, sage, wild onion grass, brown top millet and wild rice and celery, flood the fields in the fall and hang away.

No other game law in the U.S. is as confusing or as widely flouted or as difficult to enforce. Roughly 50% of the country's wildfowlers shoot over some form of bait, legal or illegal, and the line between the two is often so fine that many hunters are never sure exactly which side they are shooting on. As one disgruntled hunter puts it, "We are hunting waterfowl under a double standard."

The law against baiting was added to the federal waterfowl regulations in 1935, when severe droughts and dwindling habitat had so diminished the supply of ducks and geese that many people advocated closed seasons for three or four years. But the late Ding Darling, then the chief of the Biological Survey, convinced the Fish and Wildlife Service instead decided to shorten the season, reduce bag limits and abolish two hunting methods—live decoys and bait—that invariably

resulted in overkill. Dr. Ira Gabrielson, a former chief of the Biological Survey who is now president of the Wildlife Management Institute in Washington, feels that the baiting law came just in time.

"There's really nothing so terribly immoral about spot-baiting," Gabrielson says. "It's just that it is too damn effective. The whole idea, of course, is to gang the birds up, to hold them with food in one area and keep the shooting going hot and heavy. And it works. Corn is particularly effective because it is ideal cold-weather fuel. Ducks and geese will come from miles away to a pile of bait, passing up the best clumps of natural foods and standing or harvested crops on the way."

Aside from the fact that hunters are killing a great many birds illegally, the greatest danger is that heavily baited areas can hold the birds too long in one place. This means they are not migrating south to their normal wintering grounds on schedule and not giving other shooters in the flyway their fair share. Ducks and geese will stay anywhere as long as there is enough food and open water. But once the season is over, most

hunters eat off the food and the birds often get caught in bilkards, steel sterns or iced-over water and simply waste away. The waterfowl population fluctuates each year. This year it is up, but over the past 12 years it was down nearly 20%. Most hunters continue to hunt despite the shortage because it is traditional—like hillbilly moonshine. It congers up "those memorable old days," such as Richard Parks describes in *Dead Skewer: Along the Albemarle-Pamlico*. "It is unbelievable how . . . the ducks came in to these swamps of Babel [baited by blinds on Virginia's Eastern Shore]. When baited with corn, even the shrewd old Blacks would stand to them on most days. But then, as one old waterman once remarked, 'Yer kin bait a Black-dack up a concrete road' . . . half the fun was watching the pet quackers [live decoys] take little baths between flights of their wild brethren, when baiting was the proper way to localize ducks, when you naturally shot as long as you could see—sometimes when you couldn't—when you staggered home under weight of ducks enough to feed the neighborhood." Sometimes the toll was more than enough to feed an entire village.

Ah, those good old lawless days are gone forever. Or are they?

Anthony Stefano, former chief of the Fish and Wildlife Service's undercover operations, recently estimated that at least 300,000 migratory birds are killed illegally every year in the U.S. There are no figures available on how many of them are shot over bait. Federal and state game wardens last year brought more than 500 cases of waterfowl hunting to state and federal courts. The federal courts have ruled consistently that the government does not have to prove intent or knowledge on the part of the hunter. "In other words," says a government man, "the birds are just as dead, one way or another." The government normally will not even hazard a guess as to how many hunters were not caught, but in the states where baiting is most rampant—Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Delaware and New Jersey—there is good reason to believe that 50% or more of all the ducks and geese taken during the season are shot over illegal bait. Baiting is so commonplace that only the most prominent garnerers make the papers. Among those caught and fined during the 1965-66 hunting season:

• Senators Eugene J. McCarthy (D,



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Minn.) and Edmund S. Meskile (D., Maine), on a friend's eastern Shore farm. Forfeited \$27.50 each, plus court costs.

• Robert M. Carpenter Jr., owner of the Philadelphia Phillies, and his son, Robert III, on their farm on Maryland's Choptank River. Fined \$500 each—they were third offenders.

• Congressman Charles A. Halleck (R., Ind.), at a private club near Merced City, N.C. Fined \$34.40. Prosecuted with the evidence (wardens found rows of corn three or four feet across within 20 or 30 feet of the blinds). Halleck said: "The warden scratched around and found a few kernels of corn."

Not surprisingly, the government is well aware of the inequalities in the baiting regulations. Says Allan T. Studoline, chief of enforcement and management for the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife: "To most people, the very idea of shooting or trapping ducks for the market is repugnant, but putting out a livebait operation doesn't seem so bad. Yet they are both federal offenses, and they should be. Sure, the man who can afford to baiting to a private duck club gets far superior shooting most of the time. But you must remember that most clubs—and refuges—provide room and board for the birds. What some hunters do not seem to understand is the important difference between shooting over legal crops—standing, harvested or flooded—and over open bait. Ducks and geese will not necessarily come anywhere near a blind in a flooded corn field. The food is too widely dispersed. But you sweeten up a field with concentrated feed—fresh, yellow shelled corn piled around your goose decoys—or dump a basket or two in the water around a point blind, and the birds will pour right into it, plain and simple."

One decided advantage to the baiting law is that it helps keep the annual harvest of birds down. If universal baiting were permitted, several million hunters could take several million full bags of ducks and geese several times a season. To compensate for such high hunter success, the government would have to cut the seasons and bag limits. But the entire continental waterfowl resource might well be wiped out, and by then any such cutback would be academic.

In 1953, after a rash of raids in Maryland by federal agents, influential partners

and politicians tried to pressure the government into legalizing baiting. When that failed, they simply pushed a ruling through the state legislature making it legal to put out bait, as long as it was 300 yards from any blind.

Finally, in 1959, at Governor McKeldin's urging, the state law was amended to conform with the federal regulation. Baiting violations have decreased somewhat, but many baymen refuse to conform, and they have become more ingenious at circumventing the law.

There are some 4,400 state game wardens in the U.S. and, for the most part, when they are not tied up supervising native game seasons they are encouraged to work freely with the 155 federal agents who patrol every state but Hawaii. Even in those states where the political strings are fast and encumbering, there are a few who will always tip the Feds whenever a baiting operation is spotted. Still, a surprising number of hard-core baiters go undetected, or at least manage to avoid being caught year after year. In Annapolis Bay on Maryland's Atlantic coast, hunters stand small trees up in the shallow water and bait them with corn before the season. By the time the season opens, the ducks are flocking in to feed. The night before opening day the trees are moved to within shotgun range of the blinds. No more bait has to be put out. The birds will continue to come in on these "watermarks" for several days or more.

There are other equally deadly methods, and the evidence of baiting is often hard to get, but the government is also becoming more resourceful. In Maryland, Delaware and Louisiana, wardens in helicopters hover over suspect blinds and direct other wardens on the ground or in boats. When Defense Attorney Robert Carson complained in court that wardens had descended on the Carpenters by "land, sea and air," Judge R. Dorsey Watkins snapped back: "What about submarines?" The government is setting up a central computer system in Washington (to which will be fed a complete dossier on all accused baiting violators in the U.S.). Thus all repeat offenders will be subject to stiffer fines.

One painful weakness in the baiting regulation is that far too many innocent gamers are caught and fined. In total

(continued)

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WATERFOWL

waters fennels, of corn and other grains can drift or roll along the bottom, and sometimes they end up in front of someone else's blind. Worst, it is a simple matter for an angry or greedy hunter to bait his neighbor's blind and then tip the warden. Many innocent gamers, however, are caught at commercial traps.

A Maryland lawyer recently complained that he did not believe the law "required people to conduct a mining operation when they go out to hunt." In fact, that is exactly what the law does require. Says Charles Lawrence, assistant chief of management and enforcement for the Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife: "You don't have to be an agricultural expert to detect bait in a goose or a dove field. But then it is pretty difficult for a hunter to see corn in 10 or 12 feet of water 50 yards offshore from a duck blind." Wardens often can spot bait from the air. They have color shades taken from 1,000 feet that clearly show barrels of corn dumped from skulls or spread over large areas by low-flying crop dusters. Wardens can also detect the presence of bait by watching the way the birds are working an area. Hunters can learn how, too, but they had better do so before they load their guns and enter a blind.

For every hard-core hunter, there are at least 10 penny-ante hunters who spread a little bait, which stands out like a cue ball on a billiard table. Says Lawrence: "We'll find nice golden-yellow ears of corn in a field at the end of January. Now that is not a late crop. How about piles of wheat in a cornfield or, say, 20 bushels of corn in and around a farm pond?" The majority of apprehended hunters plead guilty, in person or by mail, to the local magistrate or the U.S. commissioner and pay fines ranging from \$25 to \$50 for a first offense. Only the most serious violators are taken to federal court.

Many gamers truly believe that baiting, or, more politely, feeding, is absolutely essential to the success of the birds. Roy E. Walsh, a realtor and insurance broker from Eason, Md., who is chairman of Maryland's Board of Natural Resources, thinks feeding should be legalized and licensed on a permit basis.

"The feed would be scattered at least 500 yards from the blind," says Walsh. "Not only during the season, but until

spring. That way we would be sending the birds we don't shoot away with enough stamina to winter over. The permit would knock out the blackleg—the guy who bats a path right to his blind and usually overshoots the limit."

The government argues that there are those who want to legalize hunting so they can get a limit of birds every time they hunt. "Feeding the birds is fine," says Charles Lawrence, "as long as you don't shoot over that feed."

But is feeding really fine? On many federal and state refuges, as well as on a number of large shooting clubs, the ducks and geese are growing so accustomed to the men living that they have to be driven away with electric cannons, shotguns fired in the air and even planes, so they will continue south to their ancestral wintering grounds. When all else fails, young birds are trapped and transported farther south at considerable expense, in the hope that they will bypass the refuge cafeteria the following fall. "What we really have," says Dr. Goettlicher, "is a kind of vicious circle. Waterfowl habitat in the Canadian nesting grounds and in the feeding and resting areas of the A & S is being permanently removed at an alarming rate. Everyone knows the reasons—dredging of river bottoms and bays, pollution and filling and development of prime marshlands. Ducks and geese are thus being more concentrated every year. As the circle tightens, I think we can expect to see more illegal hunting in the years to come."

The nation's bird hunters are now out again in full force—the commercial shooting camps, the private clubs, the individual hunters and the federal and state refuges—all trying to outbait each other. About this time several years ago, *The Belton News* carried an editorial headlined, "War 100,000 hunters. It said, in part: "It's difficult to pin any so-called sportsman breed guilty of hunting birds, which can be compared to dealing out the bottom of the duck . . . It's cheating. The fine for hunting . . . is probably too lenient. Maybe a few lashes at the whipping post would serve as a better deterrent. After all, they tried to shoot double ducks."

Come to think about it, *The Belton News* has a pretty good idea there. There is one complication: Who should be tied at the post and who should administer the whipping?

END



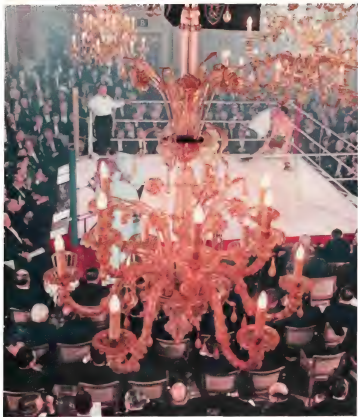
England's Posh House of Pow

If some fights, such as last week's championship match between Sugar Ramos and Carlos Ortiz in Mexico City (page 26), are staged in circumstances of questionable gentility there are others where the elegance is astonishing. Here are the fondest boxing spectators in the world. Once every fortnight between September and June the London gentlemen shown on these pages emerge in dinner jackets from their polished Bentleys and Rolls-Royces (below) and move under their club canopy into the world's most splendid boxing arena. Urbanelly, they enjoy a leisurely dinner, champagne, brandy and cigars and (following pages) the fistcuffs.

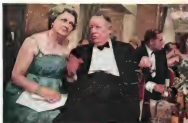
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JESSE ALEXANDER AND JERRY COOK







The blue haze of cigar smoke fills the Napoleon Room, where club members and—rarely—their ladies gather after dinner under a canopy of crystal for brandy or champagne and the bots. In this he



de s'illu'ap'ent'or' the g'entlemen m'ust be seen, and they never, never well, hardly ever, ever during rounds.



Bash Him Again, with Feeling

Having long since tired of discourses on the density of Harold Wilson's pipe smoke, the height of Julie Christie's miniskirts and the length of the Rolling Stones' hair, affluent British businessmen are looking elsewhere for idle-hour entertainment. They are turning, in increasing numbers, to private boxing clubs—elegant establishments serving food, drink and pinelights. They may represent London's last fling at a sport that can now count only 500 professional fighters in all of Britain. There are 11 of these houses of posh and pow, but the grandest of all has always been the National Sporting Club, founded in 1891 as a middle-class substitute for the Pelican Club, where a group of aristocrats and bohemians once bet on bareknuckle fights and shouted, "More gone," whenever a fight was not exciting enough.

As bloodthirsty as the Pelican at first, the National Sporting Club gradually reformed, and by 1929 had brought professional boxing within the bounds of legality. The Queensberry Rules for Endurance Contests were the lever, which meant rounds were limited to three minutes, with one-minute intervals and not more than 20 rounds to a contest. The referee halted the bout if one man was unfit to continue and, most important, the club rejected bareknuckle fighting.

Down through the years the National Sporting Club became the place for the sport of boxing in England. "What the Covent Garden Opera House is to the world of music, the National Sporting Club is to pugilism. No artist can say he has arrived until he has proved himself on the stage of one or in the ring of the other," said the Marquess of Queensberry. This marquess was Marquess No. 10—twice removed from Marquess No. 8, who wrote the rules. Translated into Madison Square Garden terms, Marquess 10 was saying simply, "The club has all the big ones."

The big one in the club's first season was Ching Ghoni's stirring win over the "Bit o' Gorgonzola," Bill Cheese. Frank Slavin, Peter Jackson, Sam Langford, Georges Carpentier and Tommy Burns were among the fighters later to appear at the club. During its long history it has staged an astonishing total of 135 British and seven world championship fights, not to mention concerts, amateur and profes-

sional billiards competitions and other sporting displays. Yet it was not until 1938 that the club actually had a clubhouse—the first and second floors of the Hotel Splendide on Piccadilly. After one move, the club settled in 1955 into its present quarters in the Café Royal, just off Piccadilly Circus, where much of its past glory has been successfully brought to life and the blend of brandy and cigars is as perfect as ever.

For his yearly subscription of £25 (530) a member can watch 25 boxing tournaments promoted by the club between September and June. National Sporting Club nights, strictly black-tie events, with women rarely permitted, follow an orderly, gentlemanly ritual. Members and their guests meet around 7 for drinks in the Derby, Queensberry and Lansdale rooms. Dinner follows in the Du Barry and Dauphine salons (one recent menu: roed melon, minestrone, sirloin of Aberdeen Angus or steak-and-kidney pie with French beans and potatoes in a jacket, followed by fresh pears in kirsch, lemon-water ice or sponge fingers), and by 9 sharp everybody is seated at ringside in the Napoleon Room, surrounded by sparkling chandeliers and grandiose mirrors. Waiters move quietly down the rows of tables and chairs distributing brandy, whiskey and champagne and lighting cigars. Betting is quiet and subdued, and it is a rule of the club, usually adhered to, that applause may occur only between rounds.

Recently 650 members and guests gathered on a fight night to watch four matches, the final one of which was described by London's *Evening News* as "the best boxing yet seen so far of this club season." Signifying their approval of all that had gone before, members rose up in the traditional manner to shower the canvas with "nobblies"—silver coins and rolled-up bills.

After it was over, while the boxers changed in what are normally ladies' powder rooms and the members rolled down the great curve of Regent Street in their limousines, a club official explained how modern sensitivities had changed and, with them, the ways of the National Sporting Club. "The old Corinthians encouraged an atmosphere that was more like a cockpit," he said. "Boxers at the club in the past were fighting for their lives. We have a more sophisticated membership today. We're a little more appreciative of people's feelings."

—JOHN LOVINSKY

This move is traditional during introductions all around, and so is the reserved reception by the club members.

For Indians, it was a day to bite the dust

East and west, the games were spectacular as Harvard, the new Ivy League leader, and North Dakota State, the nation's No. 1 small-college team, barely saved their scalps against Dartmouth and North Dakota's Sioux

Daniel Webster, class of 1891, in his famous Dartmouth College Case, stated with great eloquence that Dartmouth was a small college but that there were those who loved it. Well, today Dartmouth is still a small college (enrollment 2,950); it has a big, fast football team that last year was judged best in the East, and now there are those mostly Harvard men—who hate it. This was made abundantly clear last week at Harvard Stadium in a game that prior to the season was scheduled to be nothing more than a feeding station on Dartmouth's march to its second straight title. It was made clear with a savage eloquence that must have impressed a large New England television audience,

obviously impressed a roaring hip-flask-to-hip-flask crowd of 40,000, and may even have impressed Senator Webster, wherever he is. Harvard, buoyed by the kind of resolute vigor that it reserves only for Dartmouth, defeated the Big Green 19-14. The Crimson won the game with a rugged, exciting, time-consuming, 66-play, 80-yard march that produced the winning touchdown with less than two minutes to play. The score may prove to be the most significant one in the East this year. Surprising Harvard is suddenly live up with only four to go toward its first undefeated and untied season in 55 years.

"How sweet it is," observed Harvard's sturdy, 230-pound defensive tackle, Skip

Silicki, when the game, if not *The Game*, was over. "How sweet it is to beat the boys from the woods."

It is generally assumed, with some accuracy, that the Yale game must be classed with birth, marriage and death as one of the most significant moments in a Harvard football player's stay here on earth. But, like a coronation or a presidential inauguration, the Yale game is usually more of an historic ritual than the kind of traditional bloodletting you can expect when, say, Alabama and Auburn get together. That sort of hostility is reserved for Dartmouth. Part of the friction between the schools is caused by their proximity. Both are in New England, 120 miles apart, and a thick helping of Green and Crimson graduates is scattered all around Greater Boston. Part is caused by the clash of two images: the virile underdog versus the effete egghead.

"It kind of bugs us that Harvard gets so much publicity around Boston," says Dartmouth's very bright and exceptionally versatile quarterback, Mickey Beard. "It's the Yale game this and the Yale game that while Dartmouth is just that little school in the woods of New Hampshire. We're trying to make them dare well think that the Dartmouth game is *The Game* for them—not Yale."

Re, *Zenocrates*, short, intelligent, left-handed quarterback, whose poise and pissing have helped Harvard to serve up the kind of vitamin-rich, well-balanced offense that has been lacking in Cambridge for many years, would not go that far, but he has a few ideas of his own on why the Harvard love bearing the Dartmouths at anything, even *Idlyworks*.

"Those Dartmouth guys come down here in their green jackets," he says with a slight tone of drama. "They come to



HARVARD'S TOM CHODQUETTE (33) LEAPS ECSTATICALLY AFTER WINNING SCORE

our weekend parties and they lounge around on the floor with our dunes and give you the idea it would be the easiest thing in the world to take our girls away from us. The Dartmouth game is ours, a good one to win."

It was especially so this year. The record does not show how many girls the Dartmouth boys have stolen from Harvard boys, but it does show how many points the Big Green got away with during the past two seasons. In 1984 the score was 48-0, on network television no less. Last year Dartmouth shut out Harvard again 14-0, then went on to finish the season undefeated and to win the Lambert Trophy as the East's best team. This year, with plenty of muscle reporting back, the Indians—they chose the name, not Harvard—were picked once again to dominate the Ivy League. On hand were Quarterback Beard, a daring, successful runner and passer; Halfback Gieffe Ryanovic, a fast and slippery runner who averaged 7.6 yards a carry as a sophomore in 1985 and who can pass almost as well as Beard; All-Ivy fullback Pete Watson, who at 226 pounds weighs only four pounds less than Sielckis, Harvard's heaviest man; two big offensive ends, Bill Calhoun and Bob MacCleod; and a speedy, six-man defensive secondary that, with one exception, was playing together for the second year. Dartmouth is not heavy but, like all Blackman teams, it is very fast and very tough.

With only 14 lettermen returning from last year's 5-2-2 team, Harvard looked pitiful by comparison. If the Crimson fished better than fifth in the league, people were saying, the team should celebrate with a wild old extra hour in the Widener Library stacks. The Harvards, who have not finished below third since 1955, resumed this star almost as much as they do the color green.

"When I watched the first practice session," says a member of the Harvard athletic department, "I could sense that something electric was happening." "It was about the best preseason practice session I've ever had," says Coach John Yovosian, in the midst of his 10th year at Harvard.

"It looked for once as if we were going to have a balanced offense," says Halfback Bobby Leo, "and take the pressure off the defense."

"Look," says Quarterback Zimmerman, quite possibly the key difference

between this year and last. "We knew we were better than a fifth-place team and we were going to prove it."

They did so in spectacular fashion. Harvard routed Lafayette (30-7), Tufts (45-0), Columbia (34-7) and big, tough Cornell (25-9). On the eve of the Dartmouth game it stood at the top of the NCAA charts in rushing with 333 yards per game and in scoring defense with a stingy 3.5 points a game. For the first time in recent memory Harvard has a quarterback who can move the team on the ground as well as pass effectively. It has two fine halfbacks in Leo and a stable, snarling 5-foot-6, 180-pound sophomore named Vic Gatto. The offensive line, led by Steve Diamond, a high school All-America from Miami who originally had signed a letter of intent with Georgia Tech, is very fast and provides plenty of oil for Harvard's flanker-T offense. The entire defense, though not big, is as quick as the offense unit.

Halfback Leo is perhaps the finest runner ever enrolled at Harvard. His Everett High School team, in suburban Boston, went undefeated in his last two years and won the Class A title. Leo scored 21 touchdowns in his senior season. A good student, he applied to Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale and Columbia (after visiting Michigan State, Syracuse and Notre Dame), his four for four, but, says Leo, "I was always thinking of Harvard."

And a good thing, too. In each of the last two years he has scored the winning touchdown against Yale. He may never again, however, have the kind of afternoon he had last Saturday against Dartmouth, when he blocked and passed furiously, got away on a long 64-yard touchdown run and, in all, gained 173 yards in 20 carries.

More than 10,000 tickets were snapped up by Dartmouth grads and undergrads who trooped into Harvard Square in green caps, green coats, green scarves and green ribbons bearing the words "Green Power." The Crimson backlash, in the person of Bobby Leo, was felt before the end of the first quarter. Two long Dartmouth drives ended in lost fumbles, and then, with a first and 10 on its own 36, Harvard ended a record of scoreless frustration against Dartmouth that had stretched to almost 146 minutes. As Harvard lined up over the ball Zimmerman observed that Dartmouth's ro-



BOBBY LEO KEEPS LINE FOR GAIN

ing linebacker, Steve Lardford, had taken his position on the left.

"I had called a sweep left with Gatto carrying," said Zimmerman, "but when I saw the rover I called a change at the line of scrimmage to a sweep right, with Leo. The play needs a solid block by Gatto to work, and it got it. Their left end just disappeared."

Leo turned downfield, found his route along the sideline blocked by men wearing green-and-white uniforms and cut left as the Dartmouth secondary flowed right. He popped into the clear on the Dartmouth 40 and started a desperate match race with Dartmouth's fast, all-league defensive halfback, Wynn Mabry, to the left-hand corner of the end zone. I go now, sprawling across the goal line as Mabry pinned his legs together with a hanging tackle. Dartmouth finally held onto the ball long enough to move 84 yards on seven plays and score when Beard rolled out from his 10-yard line, bounced off two tacklers and scurried into the end zone over a third.

The two teams traded touchdowns in the third and fourth quarters. Then, with 9:30 left in the game and trailing 14-13

—CHRISTOPHER

Harvard took over the ball on its own 20 after a Dartmouth punt and launched a scoring march that ate up more than half of the final quarter.

"We were amazed and surprised that Harvard could move the ball so well against us and control it so long," said Beard after the game. "They had the ball so long our defense just got worn down. That's what won the game."

In the past Harvard has shown a consistent failure to win important games, and last week's victory was therefore doubly satisfying. "I've had teams that could get much higher for one game than this one," said Coach Yovoskin, nearly crying this week's game with weak Penn, "and also much flatter for a game. This probably is the most emotionally stable team I have ever coached here. They're all business."

—GUYLSE S. BROWN

Each fall thousands of migrating geese zip over North Dakota with the same nonstop perseverance as the tight-grapen-the-school motorist whose most fervent wish is to get over a border—any border—before he runs out of gas.

It is a pity that birds and people fail this way, but understandable. Although North Dakota is a magnificently untamed country, rough-hewn, vast, chock full of oil and coal and boasting some

of the richest, blackest, most fertile soil in the world, its winters come early and they stay late. The wind blows the bleak water through, piling snow into mountainous drifts, and anyone who sticks his nose outside is in grave danger of losing it.

The wonder is that while North Dakota is disappearing before our very eyes it is one of the few states that is decreasing in population—it has somehow managed to produce two of the finest small-college football teams in the country. Last week North Dakota State, winner of 22 straight games, the national small-college champions of 1965 and No. 1 in all the polls this year, traveled 73 miles up the Red River Valley to Grand Forks to play the University of North Dakota, ranked third in the country and winner of nine straight games, a streak that would have come to 22, too, except for one excruciating loss, 3-6, to North Dakota State.

On Saturday the dust followed, the wind howled and 14,000 people (as many as can be stuffed into Memorial Stadium) popped up and down so many times that the stadium appeared to be filled with flamingsos indulging in courtship ritual. Within a period of three minutes and 50 seconds there were no fewer than 10 plays—by hysterical counts that should have at least proved that the No. 1 and No. 3 teams were, in fact,

dead even. But, on panic play No. 11, with 17 seconds left, North Dakota State took back, with a 29-yard field goal, a game that it tried to give away in the first quarter. It won 18-15 and thus clamped a headlock on the top small-college ranking. The hold should last for at least two more weeks, or until State's Bears play San Diego State, now ranked second. Think nothing of it. With wins already over No. 6-ranked Montana State and now North Dakota, the Bears will be going toe to toe against an heir apparent for the third time. It goes without saying that their young coach, Ron Krahuldt, will stay out of a cardiac ward just long enough to shoot the man who made his team's schedule.

It is not surprising that the unbalancing pride of North Dakotans is way over on the other side of euphoric. For years any snout had found earning off a ton of potatoes without breathing hard was transferred out of state to the University of Minnesota, which considered North Dakota a sort of private game preserve. Today the good, tough ones stay at home, thanks mostly to red-blended recruiting by both North Dakota and State. But as the president of North Dakota, Dr. George W. Starcher, says, "Darned if I know how we get enough boys for two good teams."

Luck, maybe, or coincidence, but it is a demonstrable fact that nobody beats a North Dakota school but another North Dakota school, for State the true to the top has been outcrying. Just four years ago the most enthusiastic part of the Bears' football program was a bare drummer who whorped away in a pre-season parade. That task finished, he, the band and the student body left the team to play in spectacular isolation.

Talk about an inferiority complex—not only was State regularly humiliated by its most bitter rival, North Dakota, but it was consistently ridiculed because of its agricultural leanings. "Sweet out the barns yet, farmer?" North Dakota students would ask leeringly, following this rally with an inevitable "mooooos." What really hurt was that the State campus did look like a model farm, while North Dakota, trimly (except, if you were from downstate Fargo) basked in the Ivy glory of its Gothic halls. North Dakota, as its own students were pleased to point out, produced lawyers and doctors. And what, they asked, did agricultural State turn out? Milk.

—Karlene



STATE'S LITTLE ALL-AMERICA HALFBACK, KEN RICE, SPRINTS TOWARD FIRST DOWN



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Worse yet, State could not take out its frustration physically. No matter how bad a football team North Dakota had, it always knew that it could clobber 'Sio Tech. Then Dr. H. R. Albrecht arrived from Penn State to assume his duties as president of State. He spent his first year watching the Bison lose 10 straight games, giving up 300 points while they were about it. With almost no fuss, Dr. Albrecht was so it the next year that the athletic budget was tripled—so 42 full athletic scholarships—and convinced Darrell Mundra to take over as head coach.

Mundra settled into the football office in the physical education building with a crash, shaking the exposed water pipes and jarring what stuffing remained out of the ancient leather chairs. After reviewing game film with his assistants, one of whom was Erhardt, two things immediately became apparent: State's players were not all that bad, but a more hangdog lot of athletes never existed.

"Our program was simple," said another assistant, Buck Nyström, the old Michigan State guard who made Rose Bowl trips back to back 10 years ago and who bears a disconcerting resemblance to that thick-shouldered little fellow who carries the whip around in the Charles Addams cartoons. "You may not be the best team around," he told them, "but you are jolly well going to be the best conditioned. You are going to be the most agile. Your technique is going to become perfect. And your execution will be flawless. And, damn it, hold your heads up. Pride, men, pride."

With that a bewildered group of State players was herded out for six-hour practices, the kind that would bring a bull elephant to its knees: sprints and calisthenics and spins and more spins. Then came the seven-on-seven drills—Nyström's own version of the pit, only he calls it the blood box. From goal line to goal line the chosen ones claved, buried and punched, and those who so much as breathed hard were attacked verbally, Marine Corps fashion. After one late-afternoon go-around, Nyström announced that no one was going in until he saw blood. Freshly showered, Mundra wandered out and said, "When are you going to quit, Buck?"

"No one's bleeding, coach," said Nyström. "Dig, damn you, dig."

State won three games Mundra's first year, but it was a loss in the last game of

the season against Southern Illinois that made the coaches and team dream of national championships. "Southern Illinois was ranked way up there," said Erhardt, "about fifth or sixth, and we had them beat until we goofed late in the game. We knew then we could play with anybody."

How right Erhardt was, State reeled through its 1964 schedule, losing only once—in North Dakota 28-13. That was the 12th straight loss to North Dakota and the "meeseons" were louder than ever, but instead of hanging their heads, State's players mumbled less oaths all the way back to Fargo. "Next year, baby, you're gonna catch yours."

North Dakota did, too, slightly scornful but undefeated. North Dakota met unbeaten and vengeful State to decide which end of North Dakota was up. State was, 4-3, and the rest was easy as the Bison won the remainder of their scheduled games, averaging 36 points in each and boasting the third best defense in the country.

Then Darrell Mundra quit to coach professional Montreal in the Canadian League. Disaster, some thought. The players, however, feared only that the rest of the coaching staff would follow Mundra. In an impassioned confrontation with Erhardt and Company, they pointed out that they were national champions and meant to stay that way, "with you."

The coaches stayed on, and Erhardt took over as head man. He even shies in a few wrinkles: the forward pass, for instance. Last year the Bison won with grind-it-out persistence, mostly on the running of Little All-America Halfback Ken Rota. Then, last spring, Erhardt discovered that Quarterback Terry Hansen could throw a snappy pass from the roll-out and— presto!—the Bison became the complete team. Going into last week's game, State had run for 2,000 yards and passed for another 5,000.

To say that tension began to build last Monday before the game would be wrong. It began approximately five minutes after the game last year. Up in Grand Forks, Sioux Coach Marv Helling, in his 10th season at North Dakota, was quietly preparing to correct the slight error of his last loss. His game is passing, and he has Corey Colehour, a wide-tipped senior, to do it. Colehour fumbled on his first play as a varsity quarterback, but more to the point were

the two touchdown passes he threw in the same game after coughing up the wad of Doublemint chewing gum that had lodged in his windpipe. Helling was so impressed that he immediately began to consider a whole new offense. By Colehour's junior year flunkies and ends were split all over the field, and if 30 passes were not gotten off in a game, then Colehour was ignoring the game plan. "He was all kneecaps and elbows," said Helling, remembering the early days, "but what an arm. And you couldn't shake him. Third and eight—zip—right on the button."

Still, Helling worried. All week long the weather was unusually warm—about 55°—and the wind was gentle. "We have," he said, "a great kicker [Errol Mann had six field goals], a great punter [John Conrad was averaging 42 yards a try] and a great passer. Now guess what kind of day I want Saturday?"

Late Friday night North Dakota welcomed in winter with sleet, snow and a 40-knot gale. The north goalposts toppled. "Thanks a lot," said Helling.

Then it was Erhardt's turn to suffer. State won the toss and elected to kick off—into the wind. The call came close to wrecking State. Early in the game Conrad fumbled a long punt with the wind that landed on the Bison's one and bounced straight up. A State man fielded it and stepped into the end zone. Safety.

Down two points now and still in a hole, the Bison went back to punt—into the wind. Up the middle came North Dakota's Roger Bone. Bone's six plays later the Sioux had a field goal.

Nor was State through paying for its gaff. Still in the first period Colehour spotted his fullback, Pete Porinich, 12 yards downfield and—zip—right on the button. Porinich, who had managed to break the same leg three times two years ago, leading doctors to predict he would have trouble walking again, was running. He cut to the middle and went 59 yards to the touchdown.

Now the Bison became untricked, parlaying a brutal frontal assault by Rota and his running mate, Mike Belmont, who comes from White Plains, N.Y., with roll-out passes by Hannon to the same two. State scored and the half was almost over, but the game was on.

North Dakota did not make the mistake of kicking into the wind to open the third quarter, but perhaps it should have. All the Sioux could get for their

continued

Miami's most likely challenger, was upset by KENT STATE 35-12.

THE SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (5-0)
2. GEORGIA TECH (5-0) 3. FLORIDA (4-1)

About the best Vanderbilt could hope for when it played Alabama was to survive. It did, barely. The game was only three plays old when Rene's Bobby Johnson picked off a Vandy pass and ran it back 40 yards for a touchdown. The Crimson Tide just rolled on and on, and majestic Mike Bryant called it quits with the score 42-6. How good was Alabama in this one? "Well," said Bryant, "we played so many people it was hard to tell."

For all its strength, Alabama was still tied for the SEC lead with unbeaten Auburn and Georgia. Georgia had a few anxious moments against Kentucky when Quarterback Kirby Moore went out with a sprained ankle in the third quarter. But Defensive Safety Lynn Hughes moved right in and led the Bulldogs to a 27-15 victory. LSU tried everything against Florida's Steve Spurrier. They rushed him, dropped off on his receivers, double-teamed flanker Dick Trapp, his favorite catcher, and still Spurrier completed 17 of 25 passes for 208 yards and two touchdowns as the Gators won 28-7. "I'm nervous," said Coach Ray Graves. "I'm running out of new ways to describe him."

For the first time in years Tulane had trouble. Tech's Bobby Dodd worried. He had lost Quarterback Kike King with a broken right wrist and a cracked rib, and the visiting Green Wave, behind 21-10, won on the Tech score. Then the defense took over. Halfback Bill Eberman intercepted a pass and raved it back 99 yards for a touchdown. Minutes later Tech's "Wreckers," Giles Smith, picked off another Tulane pass and returned it 40 yards for a score. Georgia Tech won 35-17.

Tennessee was in trouble, too, against South Carolina. The underdog Gamecocks got off to an 11-0 lead before Quarterback Wesley Warren warmed up. He pitched two touchdown passes to Richmond Flowers, scored on a one-yard plunge and the Vols pulled it out 29-17. Tennessee intercepted seven Houston passes and upset the previously unbeaten Cougars 27-6, while Auburn's Jimmy Jensen kicked an extra point. TCU's Bruce Alfred missed for the first time in 66 tries and the Tigers won 7-6. But Mississippi State lost to FLORIDA STATE 10-0 when the Seminoles, who had been riddled for 98 points in four games, suddenly came up with a firm defense.

Miami, down 7-6 to Indiana in a somewhat downpour, overtook the Hoosiers 16-7 on David Olivo's four-yard pass to Jim Cox. MISSOURI STATE stopped Tulsa's arrival act 6-0 with a freshman front and an alternating rush. The shoo-out was the Hurricanes' first in 34 games. PENN STATE, stric-

ing what Coach Joe Paterno grimly called a "new season," smothered West Virginia 38-6 as new Quarterback Tom Stenerson completed 13 of 26 passes for a touchdown and kicked three field goals and two extra points. LEHIGH'S Betty Russell passed for 213 yards for a school career record in a 35-15 win over Marshall.

The ACC was full of surprises. NORTH CAROLINA STATE whipped Duke 33-7 at Durham—the first time in 35 years—while Wake Forest shocked North Carolina 5-0 on Chick George's 40-yard field goal. Virginia, no match for VIRGINIA TECH's attack, went down 28-3. In the Southern Conference, Georgia Southern knocked VMI out of the lead, 13-0 and EAST CAROLINA moved into it by outscoring The Citadel 27-17. But someone had the most pleasant afternoon of all. The Spiders, after 19 straight losses, beat Davidson 23-17. Said one Richmond partisan gleefully, "We've won one in a row, and I feel almost undefeated."

THE SOUTHWEST

1. ARIZONA (5-1) 2. ARI (4-1) 3. TEXAS A&M (1-2)

TEXAS A&M can keep raving all the hub it wants; the Aggies' SWC probation will keep them out of a bowl game, where it now appears they belong. Ed Hargett ran and passed for two scores as A&M went to a 17-0 lead against Baylor. Then the Aggies intercepted five Texas Southern passes and, keyed by Tackle Maurice McClinton, stopped two deep Baylor drives in the final minutes to win 17-13.

Yet, the only other SWC team unbeaten in league play, is also on probation—making it a good year for the bad. Quarterback Mike White ran for two touchdowns and passed for one, and Dennis Parler kicked a 35-yard field goal as the Mustangs beat Texas Tech 24-7. At Houston, where Rice almost always surprises Texas, the Owls continued to have the kind of season you wouldn't wish on a dog. Trailing 14-6 in the second half, they went to the Longhorn 15, 24, and 35-yard lines and never did score again.

For ARKANSAS, the likely Cotton Bowl team, it was a day in which the football, not the rain, won seven times last year and who really

BEST OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Richmond had the nation's longest living streak (19 games), but Halfback Larry Zurech lost it all. He carried 26 times for 239 yards to Southern Conference record and two scores as the Spiders beat Davidson 23-17.

THE LINEMAN: In Michigan's 49-0 rout of Minnesota, Split End Jack Clancy held one of the No. 1 spot among pass blockers. He caught 30 for 384 yards and two touchdowns—in his first of the season—and has 50 catches for the year.

It is a deep ground, led all ball carriers with 49 yards in four carries. The Hog regulars played 22 minutes, scored four of the first five times they touched the ball, and Arkansas beat Wichita State, 41-0.

Billy Stevens' passing duel with Danny Hoffman never came off, as TEXAS WESTERN routed San Jose State 35-8. WEST TEXAS STATE beat New Mexico State 17-14, and NORTH TEXAS unveiled a brand-new arm, Cuskey Boland's. He hit 28 of 41 passes for 398 yards and four touchdowns in a 55-6 win over Southern Illinois.

THE WEST

1. UCLA (8-0) 2. USC (5-0)
3. WASHINGTON (5-0)

The only difference between USC and Clemson, invited Coach Clark Howard after his Tigers had been clawed nearly to death by the Tigers, 30-0, was "your plays didn't go quite as far." USC's biggest one was a 34-yard punt return by—surprise!—Mike Runkle. While Tackle Rudy May led a smothering defense that held Clemson to 33 yards rushing, USC's quick backs smothered the Tigers for 449 yards in total offense. "Thank God we don't play them tomorrow," said Howard. "We play Drexel next. That's more our kind of game."

UCLA's Gary Belton, keeping his cool against California, passed sparingly but often enough to get two touchdowns. Mel Farr won't be 30 yards and scored twice, and the Bruins were enjoying a nice afternoon outing when Cal's Barry Brink began winging the ball around in the fourth quarter. Surprised UCLA had to be content with a 28-15 victory.

The week began badly for WASHINGTON. First sophomore Halfback Jim Cope came down with motionlessness, then Don Moore, the league's leading runner, was dropped for breaking training. To make matters worse, Oregon took a 7-3 lead last Saturday. But the Huskies recovered nicely, got the ball on the Oregon three on a fumble and scored on Quarterback Don Spanier's rush for a 30-7 win. WASHINGTON STATE jumped into Idaho battles into second-half touchdowns to beat the Vandals 34-7. OREGON STATE made a perfect week for AAUW teams against outsiders, squashing past Arizona State 35-17 on Pat Piler's one-yard plunge.

There is just no stopping WISCONSIN. When the deep Cowboys splintered under No. 1 Quarterback Randy Elgoff against Utah State, it came Chuck Shelton to get them going. Wyoming won 35-18. BRIGHAM YOUNG and UTAH—still hoping to catch the Cowboys in the Western AC—both won, the Cougars over New Mexico 33-6 and the Utes over Arizona 24-19. COLORADO STATE, which wants to get into the WAC, helped itself to its biggest win under Coach Mike Leale as Halfback Oscar Reed scored four times to lead the Rams past Air Force 40-21. **END**

PEOPLE

It was not a case of a little old lady from Maids Vale having a flutter and striking it rich, but it was noteworthy anyhow. By picking the winners of all six races at Newbury, the wife of a steward of the British Jockey Club, the **Duchess of Norfolk**, collected the princely sum of \$7,804.30 for her five shilling (7/5) bet. She is a wily horsewoman who takes a firm hand in training the duke's stable. Once before she backed all the winners on the card, and that time she took home \$28,000. At Newbury, she bought \$70 worth of tickets and finally parlayed one into her big winner. Said the duke of his wife's gambling tactics, "All too complicated."

Perhaps it was just hollow art of Youkian, Tex. before his coming heavy-weight title fight with Carlos Clay, but **Cleveland Williams** did manage to look like a large Huck Finn. Coting himself a peck, he baited a fish with a grasshopper and lured back against a tree (fish) waiting for the carfish. In a little while, to the report goes, he hooked a nine-pounder, and wife Irene caught a black bass. Said Williams' manager, Hugh Berbow, "I had 37 interested calls from

there, the finest money can buy, but all Cleveland wanted was a cane pole. He didn't want a rod or a reel. He did take a fancy, though, to my \$4,200 Thunderbird cruiser."

His intimates have long said that **Dwight Eisenhower** plays a mean game of golf, but so one has ever explained where his mean swing came from. Recently, the ex-President was reminiscing about some of the games he played as a youth, especially sharp. "It was a crude kind of field hockey," he said. "We used any stick we could get hold of, preferably one that was a little bent at the end, and for balls we used tin cans, which we crushed together. When one of those things hit you, you really felt it." That's how a man becomes a mean golfer.

The way **Marcello Mastroianni** put it was fittingly romantic: "When a man gets to be 40, he gets all kinds of urges. Mine is to own a boat. Ah, a boat is like a woman. She has her own personality and distinction, and you fall in love with her." Mastroianni has a yearning for a black-bellied knish, and he wants black tails. "They tell me I cannot have black tails," he says, "because the sun and salt would fade them. But the hair will be black. I will christen her *Dis-moi*." The name hardly seems suitable. *Dis-moi* was a Greek warrior, not a woman. And, worse still, he disappeared while sailing the Adriatic and his crew was turned into birds.

When Kentucky beat North Carolina 10-0, Governor **Nell Beardsley** settled back in his Kentucky mansion and waited for the country ham that he had won in a bet with North Carolina Governor **Dan Moore**. Instead of the ham, he received a 30-pound pig and a bag of feed. On a tag that accompanied his payoff, Governor Moore had written, "I am sending the ham which I bet on the University of North Carolina football team.

Not only am I sending this ham, but I am getting on the line a similar wager on the outcome of the next meeting of these two teams." Kentucky is not scheduled to play North Carolina in 1967, and, as of now, no future game between the two teams is planned. "By the time I have won this pig for keeps," said Beardsley, "it will have become a pen." But until the pig is all his, he will keep it in a pen behind the State House. He also announced he would give an entire week's vacation to the state employee who came up with the best name for the pig by November 8 (Election Day). Who said you can't make something of a son's ear?

A Bar Hound **Gloster** cried **But-but**, when **Bugsy Meredith**, the man who plays *The Penguin* in *Born Free*, earned up this week riding a working hunter at the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden. "I don't expect to win anything here," said Meredith. "I just want to get through it with some dignity." That would put him one up on his only riding performance on TV. Playing a hangman on *Hogan's Men*, he was shot dead and carted away on a donkey.

Being a new employer, **Pat Nagert** understandably is out to make points with his boss. So when Austin's TV station K10C announced it would carry the Texas-Arkansas football game in color and asked everyone attending to brighten the scene by wearing Texas orange, Nagert, the station's new assistant promotion manager, showed up at the game in an orange tie. But wife Luci helped the family even more. She wore eye-popping orange-framed sunglasses.

In the past four months Australian **Ron Clarke**, considered by many to be the best distance runner in the business, has lost his last three races, and now a horse named *Sir Cameron* has beaten him, too. The latest race (below) was strictly for charity and horse laughs. 12 miles through the sheep country of Victoria, Clarke was first away at the start, but after a furlong it became a one-horse race. *Sir Cameron* walked and trotted the distance and occasionally would pull up and wait until Clarke came into view. After the race the officers of the charity that had raised \$600 were all smiles, but not Ron Clarke. A defeat is a defeat.



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In their dazzling new uniforms the Warriors are a cinch to win the NBA's fashion award of 1985



"GET TOUGH," BEGS COACH SHARMAN

The San Francisco Warriors are simply stunning this season in their uniforms of California gold and San Francisco Bay Blue, uniforms designed by Bob a word of this to Lady Bird—a brilliant board artist. The jersey deserves special attention. On the back is the silhouette of a cable car climbing toward the right shoulder blade, where a cluster of stars is embossed. On the front is a circle with the outline of the Golden Gate Bridge. Above the circle are the words "The City." Everybody is supposed to know which city, because, after all, it was not Manhattan where Tom Bennett left his heart. The pants have the word "Warriors" down each side and a small war-bonnet on the left front. The back of the warm-up jacket has a detailed end view of a cable car. The total effect is camp on the court, but somewhat overlooked in this fashion parade is a more important San Francisco innovation: the return to the sport of one of its favorite alumni, Bill Sharman.

The old Boston Celtics shooter is the new coach of the Warriors and he does not mind that his on-ice suits make him stand out on the bench like a peacock among peacocks. Last week was his debut as an NBA coach after five years of less hectic labors, and his team was, in no particular order, defeated twice on the road, shamed, held, scolded, elbowed, rained on, bucked and cheered on in two home victories. Bill Sharman left right at home.

He was hired by Warriors Owner Franklin Mieuli to replace Alex Hannum, a respected and popular man who was fired because he did not want to make The City his off-season home. It was Mieuli's contention that the Warriors should have organized workouts all summer to keep up with the Celtics and Los Angeles Lakers. Mieuli gradually talked most of his players into making their homes in the Bay area, but he could not persuade Hannum, who hangs Alex, walking papers rather than offer on alienation.

The dismissal has turned out well for everyone, at least so far. Hannum is now head coach of the powerful Philadelphia 76ers, and Mieuli is pleased with Sharman, who was once a teammate of Hannum's at USC. Sharman moved his family to nearby San Mateo and conducted clinics and practice sessions all summer. For nearly a decade the most popular athlete in Boston, a city whose press is

most reluctant to help create heroes, Sharman undoubtedly will win friends for the Warriors regardless of his success as coach. He greeted most of Mieuli's ideas with enthusiasm, especially a \$100,000 Sony videotape setup—the first of its kind in pro basketball—with zoom lens, slow motion, stop action and sound. It enables the team to watch itself in action at half time and right after each game. Sharman even thought the new uniforms were "nice-looking." The team "image" is important to Mieuli, who thinks like and is an advertising man. He took a lot of care to get just what he wanted on the jerseys and he thinks they will be widely imitated, just as the L. A. Rams' idea of painting team symbols on their helmets was copied by most of the teams in pro football. "I think, after four years of struggle, we've got a good, good team," said Mieuli. "I think we are going to start an era." Modesty forbade him from saying dynasty.

There are, indeed, good men to put into the jerseys. Forward Rick Barry, with his "original European, razor basketballing," was Rookie of the Year last season and a starter in the All-Star Game. Center Nate Thurmond, 6 feet 11, is a top scorer, rebounder and shot-blocker as long as his bad back holds out. Guard Paul Neumann can shoot, and Alvin Attles and Terry Meschery are fine defensive players. Sadly, however, Guard Gay Rodgers missed out on his chance to carry a cable car on his back. Sharman, Mieuli and General Manager Bob Fernick figured they had enough scoring punch up front (where Gay likes to maneuver) but not enough backcourt size, so they traded the flashy Rodgers to the Chicago Bulls for Guards Jim King, 6 feet 2, and Jeff Mullins, 6 feet 4.

Moreover, this is a team of nice guys—successful, middle-classed chaps from fine schools like Davidson, Duke, Stanford and Vanderbilt. Neumann is a musician's son, Attles, a devout Catholic, is a playground instructor in the off season. Barry has a local radio program, Forward Fred Hetzel is a stockbroker, Meschery is in the insurance business, and so on. Coach Sharman fits this particular image, too. When Mieuli offered to have a case of beer in the locker room after each game, Sharman said no. "But I always supply one to the visiting team," said Mieuli. "Send them ours, too," answered Sharman. Whether nice guys can survive the violence of pro ball, if they

play like nice guys—is another matter.

The summer work seemed to pay off in exhibition games. San Francisco played Hazzard's Bears five times and all five games were decided in the last 30 seconds. The Warriors won two, lost three. They took two of three from the Lakers and beat Cincinnati. Few fans were unduly disappointed when the team opened the regular season before the usual 13,500 regulars at Boston Garden and lost to the world-champion Celtics. Sharman was honored by having his old jersey hung in the arena's rafters, and the Warriors had the game tied with four minutes to go before Larry Siegfried went on a scoring spree for Boston. Handsome, blond Rick Barry had 41 points.

The second road game figured to be a victory for San Francisco. The host Chicago Bulls, playing their first home game, were a bunch of second-stringers picked up in the not-in-the-expansion-draft—except for Rodgers, of course. Still, the Bulls had opened the season with a win over the Hawks at St. Louis.

But San Francisco was sloppy at its opening and a poor second in the game-grabbing, push-and-pull byplay and left at half time one point behind. Rodgers, of course, was driving up the middle and either putting in a dizzy-doodle layup or passing to an open man. The Cable Cars had as much as a 13-point lead in the third quarter, but little Guy led a fourth-quarter surge that won the game for Chicago 119-116.

Off the court, through an abandoned cafeteria, up some back stairs and into a cramped locker room nudged the Warriors. The door was closed tightly and when Sharman allowed it to be opened a few minutes later his face was red from anger or embarrassment or both. "It was the same story," he said. "The other team just outbathed and outpushed us. We're too nice." To cap a miserable night, the lava Sharman had ordered were not waiting outside the Chicago Amphitheatre and had to be called again. The Warriors waited glumly by their luggage in a daze that was more annoying than hot.

The next day's practice lasted more than two and a half hours, during which Sharman told his team, "They were pushing us all over and we weren't pushing back. We're still not aggressive enough." In other words, if an opponent elbows you in the Golden Gate Bridge, elbow him right back.



SLIPPING THROUGH THREE BULLS, HIGH SCORER RICK BARRY MAKES HIS POINTS

They were ready Thursday night in their home opener, in San Jose Civic Auditorium. (They also have home games in Daly City, Oakland, Fresno, San Diego, Phoenix and even The City.) Again the opponents were the Bulls, who had beaten the Lakers the night before for their third win in a row. Shortly after the tip-off Rodgers, as the videotape later showed, provoked Paul Neumann with an elbow to the left cheek and some whacks to the shoulder. Neumann swung at Guy. Guy swung back and before you could say, Tony Ma, not the benches were empty. Barry and Attles went after Rodgers and had to be dragged off. A double foul was called, but nobody was ejected or hurt. Minister's son Neumann had picked a good time for the first fight of his life. The Warriors improved markedly thereafter in the shoving and grabbing de-

partments and won, not easily, 125-111.

Two nights later, the last night of Sharman's inaugural week, his team ran against the weak Detroit Pistons 126-119. Attles had a fine defensive game and Thurmond and Barry had 65 points and 32 rebounds between them. Naturally, it was soft drinks and jubilation in the Warriors' locker room after this laughter. Forward Tom Meschery, a Bay Area boy who had barged his nose against a stray knee while diving for a loose ball, was understandably optimistic: "We can't let guys rub our faces in the wood or we'll lose. As long as we play roughly and tenaciously, we're The Team in the Western Division—no doubt about it."

"The Team" sounded nice to Bill Sharman, but it better not be quoted to Franklin Mueak. The only advertising space left on those uniforms is the seat of the pants. **END**

in events that were least affected by the thin air. On some there was an altitude effect in reverse; winning Broad jumper Ralph Boston said he felt "higher"; winning Pole vaulter Bob Seagren said he felt "lighter." Harry Hainsworth, who headed the U.S. delegation, concluded that the rush for oxygen became acute in any event that lasted more than 90 seconds. Some of his awestruck companions complained of headaches and nausea.

Greife and Young represented America's distance runners, bleakly. "Why am I here? To see Mexico City," said Greife. "I have certainly not had time to prepare to run at this altitude against guys like Rodolant who can train where and when they choose." Both Young and Greife are family men; neither will compete in 1968 if they feel the advantage is strong toward others whose training programs are "more liberal."

"Nothing could prevent me from going to live on Mount Hood and train there," says Greife, "except money. I've got to earn a living. And I am not interested in making the Olympic team just to get a sweat suit."

Greife and Young believe that the American effort may already be lagging and, in Young's words, if provisions are not made pretty quick "there will be some more of those black Wednesdays and black Fridays and black Tuesdays that the press complained about in Rome in 1960." Greife thinks that some of the younger, better American distance runners who are now in college—Byun, Lindgren, Nelson, Riley, etc.—ought to be sent to the mountains in the summer to prepare.

The Russians, who were under such close scrutiny at Mexico City last week, had trained in three groups: one stayed in Moscow, one spent half the time in the Caucasians, the third was in the mountains full-time. The Japanese sent only distance runners.

The Little Olympics, if they must be called that, suffered from an interminable series of blunders and a heavy-fisted press that began with an AP report: "All is chaos," and ended with a front-page cartoon in a Mexican newspaper that depicted "Disorganization" on the platform winning the gold medal, bearing in mind the history of such trial-run events (they never go smoothly), the criticism was not fair. But if it serves to remind the Mexicans of the logistical truth that you should be able to handle 800 athletes

now if you expect to handle 8,000 later, then it will be a lesson well learned. There is still another year to smooth and tidy. A full Olympic dress rehearsal is scheduled for 1967.

There were the little things that could mean a lot if they happened at the Olympics proper. Lights flared during gymnastics competition. Opening flag ceremony ditched, because East Germans do not want to be called East Germans. East Germans go home in huff. Bomen and gymnasts compete in same arena at same time. Mexican Navy refuses to release boating results. Wrong Czech cyclist announced as winner. Program schedules suddenly changed. Mexican boxer awarded half a gold medal even though he is unable to fight in final bout because of an earlier injury. TV cameraman given spot to shoot his pictures behind chainlink fence. Americans, unin-

known why, were had not begun on the Olympic Village (which must house 22,000) and why the Mexicans had not bothered to consult with the Japanese. Did the Mexicans realize the magnitude of the games, the scope of the games? One European said flat out that he feared "These people cannot do it." Where was the money coming from? Would it be enough? And where are they going to put all those people who are sure to pour south across the Rio Grande in October of 1968?

Arthur Lydiard of New Zealand quit his \$14,000-a-year job as coach of the Mexican distance runners, claiming policies "I failed as a politician" in predicting disaster and wondering out loud why the Mexicans did not make better use of Bill Easton, the American coach who is also there helping as a paid adviser (there are five U.S. coaches working with the Mexican national teams and 14 coaches from Communist bloc countries, although none from Russia itself). "Easton just sits in the stands, watching the chaos in front of him," says Lydiard over his shoulder.

If there is cause for alarm, it is far too early to be sure. There are old no-fruits, heard two years before almost any Olympiad. Sometimes IOC President Brundage steps in and tells the dawdling parties to shape up or watch out, as he told the Australians in 1953. Told them, in fact, that the 1956 Olympics would be transferred if they did not get moving. He said in Mexico City last week that he has seen the Mexican timetable for construction and that he had no doubt they would keep the schedule. "They see no reason to put up structures in advance and let them lie idle, I am inclined to agree."

A visit with Pedro Ramirez Vázquez, who heads up the Olympic organizing committee and is himself an architect who was one of the designers of Mexico City's magnificent anthropological museum, is sure to calm the waters and quiet jittery nerves. Vázquez answers are straight, his demeanor unfurled; he says the Mexicans are "absolutely not behind" and the only money problem is the problem of being able to spend it all—300 million pesos—inclinedly. He says that by Dec. 31 ground will be broken and progress underway on the remaining venues: the 22,000-seat sports palace for boxing and basketball, the 15,000-seat Olympic training pool, the 15,000-



Colombia's Álvaro Mejía took two seconds

forward, have no representation in track and field parade.

Sometimes even the translations need explanation: *salto de garrocha* (rod pole vault) means literally "grud-stick jump." The director of the Italian cycling team said kindly of the officials: "They do well as long as they don't have to move around too much." He said this right after the official automobile escort for the cyclists got together for a three-car pickup.

There was a time, too, as there always is two years before an Olympiad, for long-range criticism and foul weather forecasting. The head of the Japanese sports promotion committee wanted to

son velodrome (for bicycle racing) and the Olympic Village, which will be able to handle 10,000 athletes.

Already the Mexicans have a vast edge on the Japanese in seating capacity, with the 80,000-seat University of Mexico Stadium being altered and improved and the breathtaking Aztec (soccer) stadium already built to hold 95,000.

As for not crowding the Japanese, says Vázquez, it was not necessary, because they had already talked things over with the Italians. "Rome's problems were similar to ours. Besides, they are Latin. They have the same temperament. They understand us better."

A traveling member of the U.S. State Department, Nick Rodin, is more vocal on the subject. "These petty gripes burn me up," says Rodin, getting burned up. "All this baloney about these guys being emotion. These aren't plumbers down here, you know. I don't care what anybody says, the Mexicans are doing a damn good job."

In Mexico City, that beautiful place, high and mighty, whole families sit on curbs watching the traffic go by. The traffic loops and swirls and dribbles and rips. There are 19,000 taxis in Mexico City, some flying the skull and crossbones. Who blows first goes first. There are 8,000 buses. Last week the chief of traffic issued a warning that bus drivers would have to stop facing each other in the street.

There is a recklessness, too, about the architecture in Mexico City, and the way Mexicans handle colors, but that is a kind of deliberate recklessness that makes the beauty of the place. Important things take time in Mexico City. They are forever occupying the streets there. A shoe-shine is a work of art. Alex Cardini of Cardini's restaurant builds his Caesar salad—he is the son of its inventor, Caesar Cardini—with deft, deliberate strokes.

"People in New York," says the Mexican, "they are always room-to-room, going like mad and drinking martinis like mad. We are not like that. There is overplanning that we are not getting ready for the Olympics soon enough. We are not like the Germans and the Germans. The Germans are getting ready for 1976 already. We say tomorrow, tomorrow, then in 1968 we will work like mad and get everything done. We will scare hell out of you, but we will get everything done."

END

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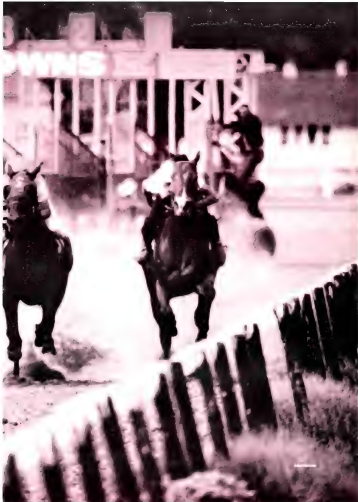
HILTON HOTELS

A black and white photograph of a jockey riding a dark horse, likely during a race. The jockey is wearing a helmet and is leaning forward. In the background, a grandstand is visible with the words "HIDDEN VALLEY" and numbers "7", "6", and "5" on top. The scene is dusty, suggesting a fast-paced race.

ANYTHING GOES IN THE BUSH

BY JACK OLSEN

Worlds away from the niceties of Saratoga or Santa Anita, Hidden Valley is one of many stops on the bush circuit, where no holds are barred and no rules are enforced, where fingers run regularly and suckers are fleeced unmercifully



Even before Billy the fawn and Joe the myna bird and Lucy the southernbred Appaloosa mare got out of bed and made up their faces in the chill autumn morning, horse vans and trailers and trucks were converging on the little race-track. They came up from Hutchinson, the big town to the south, and down from McPherson, the small town to the north, from Cimarron and Dodge City and Liberal to the west, from Emporia and Chanute and Parsons to the east, from any place in Kansas where men owned horses that they reckoned were faster than their neighbors'. The vans hauled elderly well-traveled Thoroughbreds and spritely naive young Thoroughbreds, palominos and paints, plow horses and quarter horses and show horses and Heinz-57-variety horses, any horses that could earn a buck under their own names or certain aliases. An occasional one would show up in drag, dyed or disguised or wearing a new haircut so he would not be recognized as a previous winner on the track.

The setting was Hidden Valley Downs, a typical "bush track" out in the middle of Nowhere, Kansas. If you really want to know how to get there—well, you go north from Hutchinson on Route 61 for about nine miles till you come to a crossroads called Medora ("new-shootin' capital of the Yew-nited States"), where you will spot a blacktop county road leading eastward. You follow this road past a herd of black cows and a field of flowering sorghum, and then you turn south on a sandy road where the signs say "Horse Racing, Horseback Riding, Stables, Trail Rides Every Day" and "Riley's Auto Salvage, We Buy Autos in Any Condition, Used Parts Sold and Installed," and you follow this road across a bumpy spot of the Frisco R.R., past several hundred automobile cadavers rusting in peace, down a lane of sunflowers and into a sanctified copse of cottonwood and mulberry and elm trees, and there it is, as conspicuous as a still in Harlan County, Ky.: Hidden Valley Downs, home of a half-mile racetrack, Billy the fawn, Joe the myna bird and assorted specimens of Kansas wildlife. A sign advises you to "Borg Buzer for Service," and another gives notice that anybody galloping the saddle horses will be charged double. Consider yourself warned.

Hidden Valley Downs is unauthorized, un sanctioned and unknown except to devotees of the bush circuit, which is made up of half-mile tracks in towns like Eureka, Concordia, Emporia and Garden City in Kansas; Woodward, Arnett, Newkirk and Lawrence in Oklahoma; Pueblo and Deer Trail in Colorado; Duncan and Douglas in Arizona; and dozens of others, with new ones springing up every year. Bush tracks are places where horsemen race free from the constricting influence of state commissions. Many bush tracks are so relaxed and informal that they will alternate horse races on an outer track with dog races on an inner track, plus an occasional unscheduled match race between horses whose owners have grown sick and tired of each other's bragging, plus a crap game among the exercise boys back at the

stable. The main rule at bush tracks is that there are no rules. "That's one of the nice things about it," says Bill Rowland, owner of Hidden Valley Downs. "Our racing isn't cluttered up by a lotta regulations about the jockeys and registration and stuff like 'at. It's strictly homemade racing, catchweight and no holds barred. If a man can find himself a 85-pound jockey, why, power to him! We don't frown on much of anything. What you see here is horse racing in its purest form. At these big regulated tracks, the horses are incidental. Here on the bush tracks, the horses are everything, and the people are incidental."

Bill Rowland is a real estate man by trade, but he bears no more resemblance to your typical junior-chamber-of-commerce, hail-fellow, booster type of real estate man than he does to Hecuba. He was brought up on a Kansas farm. He does not say, "By cracker," and, "Aw, shucks," but you halfway expect him to. His voice has a high, reedy quality to it, a sort of agricultural tenor, and although he has done his fair share of wheeling and dealing, he still manages to project the innocent image of a man who believes that the game with the 15 numbered balls is the devil's tool, not to mention such sinful pastimes as horse racing.

"It's really hard to figure how I even started this track," Rowland tried to explain not long ago. "But after a while lot of negotiating and problems and confusions I woke up one morning and found out that the bunk and I were owners of 320 acres of undeveloped ranchland out here in the country, and then one day I was out looking over the place with my brother-in-law and we were standing on a little shaded hillback overlooking a big flat area and all of a sudden I turned to my brother-in-law and I said, 'Bork, I can see it right before my eyes. Here's the blanchers right where we're standing, and out there's the racetrack.'"

"And he says, 'Boy, that's surprise!'"

"It just hit me, and I don't know why, me not particularly liking horses. And I had an old road grader, and I hired a man and he bulldozed me out a track in two months. We were lucky, because the sandy soil was just perfect. It's so sandy that it's a track is fast when it's wet and slow when it's dry; we never have a muddy or sloppy track. After it was finished we had a few races with horses from out around this neighborhood, and we started 'em with a flag, and it was a lotta fun. Then we found out about this eight-horse steeple chase that was for sale down below Oklahoma City, and we bought it and towed the thing up here behind a pickup truck. That was a lotta iron to pull, let me tell you! We hauled it down to Main Street in Hutchinson and we put up a sign, 'Horse racing Sunday 2 p.m.' and we been goin' ever since."

Slowly Hidden Valley Downs shaped up in the vision of Bill Rowland. Unlike other bush tracks, which tend to be drab and colorless, this one became a watering place, an A-to-les-blains on the arid prairie. Rowland dug six ponds

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5. We could have skipped polishing some of the parts you never see, but they wouldn't work as well.

2. We could make a single movement piece instead of this 3-piece top—but it would be much more difficult to repair or adjust.

4. We could stop covering many key surfaces with a corrosion resistant layer of nickel.

6. We could have used oil that costs a lot less than \$7,000 a gallon.

3. We could stamp out gear teeth, instead of cutting them individually but they wouldn't work as smoothly.

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15. We could have skipped hand-polishing the numerals and hands, but why skimp now?

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19. We could skip removing hairs from every part of the movement.

13. We could have skipped hand-brushing the disk, but then the face wouldn't be as beautiful.

18. We could test every 10th watch for waterproofness instead of every watch.

17. We could spend less on the shock-resistance unit, but it wouldn't take shocks as well as this one.

16. We could have used a lot fewer than 30 jewels, but the more jewels, the longer the wear at points of friction.

14. We could have made crude punched holes instead of smooth shaved holes.

9. We could have used steel tools instead of expensive diamond tools to cut the bevel edge, but the edge wouldn't be as smooth.

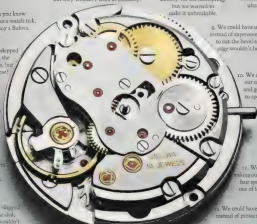
10. We could get rid of our metallurgists and get outsiders to specify alloys.

11. We could stop making our own precision hair spring and buy one of lesser quality.

12. We could have parts exposed, instead of protectively enameled.

13. We could have used a guard pin that's easier to make but doesn't fit as well.

14. We could have made round holes instead of 10-sided holes in the foundation plate, but they wouldn't hold the jewels as securely.



and stocked them with 4,000 bass and channel catfish. He laid out riding trails and bought 15 saddle horses, including Lucy, a white Appaloosa mare who has to take sick leave now and then because she sunburns around the eyes. To amuse the children who would be attracted to the place, Rowland acquired a sort of menagerie consisting of the horses, Joe the myna bird, a goose, two ducks, a flock of pigeons, three peacocks, Billy the deer, a German shepherd, a Schaefer, two Herefords and a black cow, and he took steps to protect the natives already in residence: badgers, horned toads, deer, hawks, turtles and a couple of dozen other species. Instead of erecting tasteless boarded grandstands, he laid out 24 long whitewashed benches on the hill overlooking the track, under the shade of a tall stand of elm and cottonwoods. The total effect is of a country track in the East Riding of Yorkshire instead of a bush track in dry and dusty central Kansas.

But the city slicker who stumbles into this pastoral setting of sweetness and simplicity on race day had better keep a firm grasp on his wallet, the rustic atmosphere notwithstanding. All the pet deer and mad-berry trees and riding trails in the world cannot obscure the fact that Hidden Valley Downs, like Aqueduct and Epsom and Longchamp, is a place where people go to bet the horses. Pari-mutuel betting is illegal in Kansas, but head-to-head, horse-for-horse betting is so hard to police that it is all but ignored by the authorities in bush-track country. There are certain individuals who have carved out successful financial careers betting on horses in the boardwalks, all against a backdrop reminiscent of *Norwood Valley*. Look at that dear little boy over there, standing next to his pet pokerness, both boy and horse all curled and coiled and coiled in the 220-yard race for nonwinners on the track. But right behind them is a narrow-eyed fellow in a blue-jean suit and cow-boy

boots who goes from track to track picking people up by their pockets. He calls a mare a mare, and he likes the horses of a pulley-meener keller and he will sit down and viz't with you by the ear, and when you get up you will discover that he has taken your shirt and your vest without disturbing your coat. Until you learn the ropes at the bush tracks, Hidden Valley Downs included, you would be wise to fade so fast. You might think that you're betting against a farm boss named Old Valter—that's how he's listed on the program—but after he beats your personal selection by six lengths you find out he is really a registered race-horse on French leave from the big show at Ruidoso (58, Sept. 26), travelling under a pen name, picking up some loose change for his owner.

On the morning of a recent race day at Hidden Valley, the boys were entering their horses and jawing away in the little office presided over by Joe the myna bird and Ron Scull, who functions as race secretary and announcer on Sundays, Hutchinson stockbroker on weekdays and horse fanatic on anyday. "Whatever I say, that bird contradicts me," Scull complained to Bill Rowland.

"Not. No!" the bird squawked. "I don't think so!"

"What d'ya want me to do?" Rowland asked.

"Oh, nothing much. Just cut off his head or something."

"I can't," said Rowland. "He always talks me out of it."

The room was crammed with horse owners in the uniform of the day: jeans, top and bottom, with straw cowboy hats flared straight up above the ears so as to present the least wind resistance in front, and cowboy boots in black or brown. A few wore riding helmets, and one man had on traditional farm-gray pinstripe overalls hanging long and floppy over his high-top work shoes, perhaps to convey a false impression of ruralidity. Here in the race office the name of the game was to outwait the other owners, make them show their hands, so you could enter your horse in the most advantageous race. And yet you could not wait too long, else you would be shut out. Owners eyed owners warily and made cautious conversation.

"Watcha got up at your place? Anything?"

"Yeh, I got a couple dinks."

"Hey, Ron, you got any slow horse races?"

"Sure. All of 'em."

A young man presented himself at the cluttered desk, and Scull said, "Are you prepared to pay your share of the entry fee for this horse?"

"How much?" the young man asked.

"Two dollars and 15 cents."

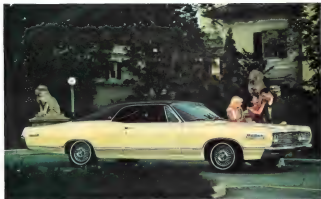
"Yeh, Ah guess so."

One voice was dominant in the overstuffed room, Marvin (Gibby) Scott, a traveling horse-race man from Cimarron, Kans., was living up to his nickname. "Well, they wouldn't tie his tongue, that's why he's lost," Gibby was saying. "Any

continued



Track Owner Bill Rowland tries to sweeten Gibby Scott while Race Secretary Ron Scull laughs at one of Gibby's wild stories.



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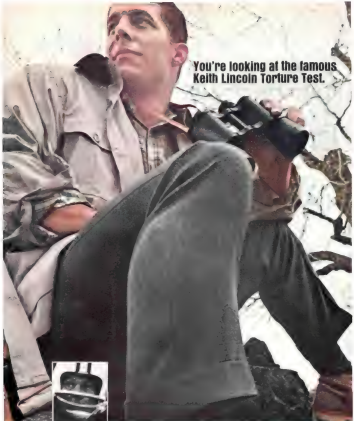


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time I run a boss over a half mile I tie his tongue so he won't swallow it. So this one swallowed it and lost the race. . . . Yeh, I know that old mare of mine needs shoes, but she's going out to pasture tonight and I ain't putting no new shoes on her today!" Gabby, a stubby, friendly man on his way toward roundity, with a fringe of black hair covering the rear half of his scalp and nothing at all covering the front, had an answer for every question, a counterexperience for every anecdote, and advice for one and all. "Yeh, sir," he said by way of showing his credentials. "I rode a Thoroughbred racehorse to school the first three years I went, I didn't have no damn pony. I was 9 before I learned there was any other kind of horse besides Thoroughbreds. You mentioned a quarter horse and my grandpa'd knock you down."

A small commotion preceded the arrival of another delegation of owners into the office. "Well, well," Gabby said in his drawing voice, "if it ain't the tall Texan."

A newcomer's face reddened, and he said, "Yeh, I been hearing about this tall Texan stuff, and I'm a-gonna put a end to it right now." He opened a long-bladed clasp knife, clamped his thumb about two inches from the point and waved it toward Gabby's ample stomach. Both men smiled slightly, but there was an undertone of clear and present danger that made onlookers drift back toward the walls.

"Go get the gun!" Gabby said. "We'll shoot him and tell God he died!"

The man pressed the knife against Gabby's midsection, and the smiles grew more forced all around, and the man said, "I'm a-gonna put the next one calls me a Texan."

Gabby laughed. "Well, you *are* a Texan," he said.

"Yeh! Go out there and look at the license plates on my car, I'm a Arizonian." Then the man stropped out of the office and said loudly to a companion, "I ain't kiddin'. I'm a-gonna geld one a them bastards they keep callin' me a tall Texan!"

After the man had left, Gabby said, "He runs a good bluff."

Underneath an elm tree a skinny sorrel Thoroughbred named Little Bopper was tied to the back of his van by a short rope, and he was showing his annoyance by trying to paw a hole through to China. "If they's one thing a Thoroughbred can't stand to do, it's be still," a man said. Little Bopper snorted loudly and rolled his eyes as though he could not wait for the race to start. "Looked him," said the man. "He thinks he's Whitlaway."

Off to one side casting admiring glances at the animal was Stan Goble, a 225-pound stock clerk at a Hutchinson electrical plant and the prime mover in an eight-man syndicate that had bought Little Bopper three weeks before for \$200, or \$25 apiece. For seven years the handsome horse had been knocking around the country, racing here

and there, getting retired to pasture, trying again and failing again, and now Stan Goble and his fellow pump assemblers and clerks and welders and office workers were going to make something out of him. "He's a lot better horse'n what everybody thinks he is," said Stan, a balding man with a smile that makes the blues want to grow and a tendency to make jokes at his own expense. "He just hasn't been trained right. He's not wild, but he's what you'd call an untrained horse. The first day I run him I had to put the saddle on backward so I could breathe, he was running so fast. He was nearly starved when we bought him, ribs stickin' out something pathetic. We've put a little weight on him, feedin' him four gallons of grain a day. He's got the speed, but he needs to learn how to behave. Last guy that owned him, he took him down to Newkirk and he run pretty good for 350 yards, and then he came to the curve and he just didn't know what to do. Turned out he'd always been trained on a straight road. See, a lot of guys in this part of the country haven't got any place to train a horse on a curve. They just train 'em beside their car."

"First time he raced here at Hidden Valley, him and another horse both broke on the same turn and threw their jocks, one over the rail and one under. But he's got the pure speed. Soon's we can train him to run around curves, he'll start makin' us some money. The idea is to build him up with a lot of wins and then sell him at a good price. If he can win at Hidden Valley, he can win at just about any bush track, and then maybe we'd take him to Ak-Sar-Ben in Nebraska or Centennial in Denver, some of those big-time Thoroughbred tracks. Why, I know one old boy that comes out here, he took his horse to Nebraska and won himself \$700 in one race! Seven hundred dollars!" Stan and his seven associates permit themselves an occasional dream.

Ron Stall and Bill Rowland and the rest of the bush-trackers talk about their horses the way baseball fans talk about Joe DiMaggio and Ducky Medwick. "Oh, there's been some scorpions around here on these tracks!" Stall said. "Famous horses, too, horses that could have made a fortune on the big tracks, and some of them did, in their spare time. There was one called Black Gold, raised by an Indian down by Pawnee. He outran everything on the bush tracks and then won the Kentucky Derby. Horses like Tomie Sam, he's still going, beating everybody, and Shue H, out in New Mexico, she run on bush tracks from Dodge to California and down into Texas and even Old Mexico, and she never won a race by more'n a neck, and she hardly ever got outrun, either. Just enough to keep the bets coming in. They used to call her the Queen of the Straightways."

There was another famous horse, a stud named Plowshare, owned by the Wheatcroft family of Kansas, and people said you could breed Plowshare to a bowser and get a racehorse. He was a sprinting Thoroughbred, and he sired a lot of great bush-track horses out of just any kind

—Continued—



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ANYTHING GOES *continued*

of mare. And there was Clabber, they called him the iron horse. They'd race him three times a week, bred 30 mares to him and use him on the ranch to work cattle. And Gabby Scott had himself a mare called Cinnamon. Miss, a registered Thoroughbred that ran everywhere, from 220 yards to a mile, and outran everything in sight, and he'd run her at the regular track in Denver all summer and then all winter long on the bush tracks. She was probably the greatest Thoroughbred bush-track mare in this country. And there's the big quarter horse that's racing here today, The Martian. His owner bought him at a sale, dying of distemper, paid \$135 for him. And the horse barely had the strength to walk home. Now he's a healthy 4-year-old and won seven races already this year. He's a big sorrel quarter horse, and he's helping put somebody through college. What a scorpion!

"We get a lot of old horses that come off the regular tracks especially geldings that won't be any good for breeding stock, 8 or 9 years old, and they make more money on the bush tracks than they can on the others because of the added gambling on the side and because they don't have to be kept in as good shape as they would at a big track. And we also get some very fast horses that can't run on quarter-horse tracks of all Thoroughbred tracks because their breeding is mixed up and they can't be registered as either one or the other. All they are is fast."

"I happen to know," said Gabby Scott, who happens to know an encyclopedia of information about bush-tracking, having devoted his life to the art. "That horses are all the time being snatched in here from the big tracks, dropped down and given a new name, and they pick up \$500, \$600 in these races and then go right back up to the big tracks again. They'll show up and win some county-fair derby by eight lengths, and then you'll never see them again. Why, the other day when I won the derby at Deer Trail, Colo. with my horse, Beauty's Watch, there was three horses they had led down from the track at Denver, and none of 'em under this real name. But I fooled 'em, I beat 'em all."

"A lot of times they'll use different names when they're trying out young Thoroughbreds on our tracks," Bill Rowland put in. "So if the horse does real well and they decide to take him in Raton or to Denver they'll get a lot better odds out there. If the horse is run at Hidden Valley as Old Yaller and he wins a lot of races and all of a sudden he goes out to Raton and really does something under the name of Yellow Goldie, well, he does it with good odds. The owner can bet \$5,000 on his own horse and get a price, because nobody knows he's been running on the bush tracks and beating everything around. On the big track he's just another first-time starter."

As the announcer and resident horse expert, Streckbroder Stull is seldom fooled by a ringer, but his policy is to call a horse by whatever name the owner has selected for the occasion. "I go along with 'em," Stull says, "but if anybody's standing around and asks me if I know the horse, of course, I'll always tell 'em the true facts. But if somebody wants to bring the Kentucky Derby winner here and race him as Old Yaller, I won't announce it to the crowd. On the bush tracks it's the owner's business, whatever he wants to do."

Every now and then Stull will forget to call a horse by his stage name, and the owner is just as embarrassed to him as it is to the owner. "About two months ago we had two fingers in one race, and it was a hell of a good race," Stull recalled, "and toward the finish I got excited and I was thinking about the horses under their real names and I announced, 'Tootsie Sam's out in front!' and Tootie Sam wasn't even supposed to be in the race. They were calling him Sam II that day. And The Martian was in the race, too, but they were calling him Little Red. I knew who he was the minute I saw him, but The Martian's a kind of nondescript horse you wouldn't remember from one race to the next, so he fooled a lot of people. After the race I got kidded something awful."

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on him, and as soon as he gets a reputation you can change his name and do the same thing all over again. It's not so easy with a horse like, say, Karvas Badger. He was an old gray, one of the greatest bush-track horses, but he was a striking-looking horse and everybody that ever saw him remembered him. His owner tried running him under assumed names a couple of times, but it never really worked. Nobody would bet against him."

"Hell, the last day of the meeting at Anthony this year," Gabby Scott said, "somebody tried to enter a 3-year-old stud horse in a race for 3-year-old fillies. They put blinkers and a shadow roll on him to fool people, but somebody happened to notice that his plumbing was a little obscene for what he pretended to be. Hell, they got him to the gate, and then they had to back him out. They had a \$100 bet with the book, but they got their money back."

"Yeh," said Stull. "I heard about that. They tell me it was a plan conceived over a tub of Old Charter."

"Hell, they even dye 'em once in a while," Gabby went on. "A little shoe polish here and there is O.K. if they don't start sniffing around your horse. Or you can use dye. No, I ain't never seen a whole horse dyed, but I have seen it done to a good percentage of a horse."

"How about our Appaloosa race this year?" Rowland was reminded. Several weeks before, Ron Stull had entered his own Appaloosa, Weigh Behind, once a world-record holder for a half mile and 70 yards, in a special race for Appaloosas only at Hidden Valley Downs. Just before the race began, one owner got permission to withdraw his Appaloosa and substitute another. "I was up at the announcer's stand getting ready to call the race," Stull said, "and I knew I couldn't lose. There wasn't an Appaloosa in this part of the country that could outrun mine. Then all of a sudden I saw somebody leading a horse into the gate, and it wasn't an Appaloosa. I'd seen the horse before. It was a registered Thoroughbred, a son of Hannibal, and Hannibal was one of the great broodmare sires of Kentucky for Thoroughbreds. The horse was black, only now he had about 15

perfect-circle spots on him, remotely like an Appaloosa. Only the spots were red on black, and there never was an Appaloosa looked like that.

"So I hollered to my wife to go tell the race director there was a ringer in the race—you know, it's one thing to put a horse in under a phony name, but it's another thing to stick a Thoroughbred in an Appaloosa race—but there was some confusion and the horses got off, and of course this big colt beat everything easily."

The measure of the bush-track attitude of laissez-faire is that no one was incensed at the man who entered the ringer, at least at the outset. "We all thought it was kinda funny," Bill Rowland said, "and we wouldn't have done anything drastic if the owner'd just admitted after the race that it was all a joke and told us to give the money to the second-place horse. But he just lied and lied continually and got mad at us for accusing him and lost his temper and never admitted a thing. Haan't you? We barred him indefinitely. Later on I made a little investigation, and I talked to the beauty operator that told him what to use to spot the horse, and then I found out where he got the stuff. It wasn't peroxide; it was something even better."

"I'll tell you how good the stuff was," said Gabby. "I seen that horse since then and they still haven't been able to wash them spots out. They've tried everything. But, personally, I can't get too mad about what he done. You got to do something to make it on these bush tracks. Hell, it costs quite a bit to take a bunch of horses out on the road. It costs me \$100 a month on the road to feed a horse and shoe 'im and doctor 'im, and you got to do something to come out ahead."

"Now, you take that big old bay horse I've got ready to run here. He's a registered Thoroughbred, name of Beauty's Watch, and he's 8 years old. I've run him under Big John, Cljah, Wilke Make It, Little Brown, B. Watch, half a dozen other names. Some people recognize him as Beauty's Watch, and then they don't bet on me, or they change their bets accordingly. When I run this horse at Anthony this year I'll call him Mr. Kingman, after my partner, and nobody knew him at

continued



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Pontiac 67 / Ride the Wide-Track Winning Streak



all. They keep the bookie right by the paddock in Anthony, and I had this guy waiting in line as soon as the book opened. The bookie didn't know my horse by the name Mr. Kingman, but he knew all the other horses in the race, and there was some pretty good ones, so he opened my horse at 5 to 1 to win, 3 to 1 to place and even money to show. So my man bet \$50 across the board. Soon as we made the bet the bookie dropped the price right away, and then when I came in leading the horse at the last minute he recognized that Mr. Kingman was Beauty's Watch, and he came running over to the officials and he says, "That ain't Mr. Kingman, that's Beauty's Watch." And I said, "I just bought the horse, and I can call him any thing I want to call him." And when he was there wasn't nothin' for the bookie to do but pay up."

Bill Rowland suddenly leaned forward in his chair and laughed. "I was down at Anthony during the racing, and I remember Mr. Kingman now. Yes, sir, I sure do!" he said. "Why, you run him three, four days later as Mr. Kingman, and everybody came to me and said, 'Bet on that Mr. Kingman, he's some horse,' and I bet on him and he came in third!"

"Sure, he come in third," Gabby said between guffaws. "We was pulling him that time. See, we had two horses in that race, me and my cousin, only nobody knew we were working together. We bet on the other horse and held back Mr. Kingman. I mean Beauty's Watch. We beat the bookies, and we beat the crowd. My cousin went through the crowd, and here and there somebody'd say, 'I'll take Mr. Kingman and give you the field,' and he'd take sense of that till he had a hundred or so bet through the crowd. We knew Mr. Kingman wasn't gonna win."

"Everybody pulls horses," Gabby went on in his customary nonsensical manner. "I carry, say, four, five, six horses along, and I usually got one horse I'm cheatin' with all the time. I give \$55 for Lon's Lad in California, and he had a bowed tendon and I turned him out to pasture for a year and a half. Then I brought him to Arizona and I worked him out in the over bottom, never took

continued

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ANYTHING GOES *continued*

him near the racetrack for about 40
days. Then I pulled him four straight
times in the races. The first time I let
him win he paid \$60, and I won \$1,185
on him. I made my winter's wages right
there. Why, later he paid \$70 the second
time I won with him. Everybody thought
the first win was a fluke.

"I've always got one horse I'm cheat-
in' with, one horse to gamble with. The
next time I go I'll maybe use another
horse, change horses at different meets.
In Arizona that year I ended up win-
ning nine races with Lee's Lad, and
then they claimed him from me for
\$1,500. He made me about \$6,000."

Last anyone got the idea that Marvin
Scott was honest only as big meaty dol-
lar signs, let it be understood that there
is an emotional side to him as well.
Gabby can talk for hours about his
grandfather, Guy Scott of Curran,
one of the famous bush-trackers of his
day: "He probably win more races on
the bush tracks than any man living.
My grandfather raced Thoroughbred
raceshorses for 55 years before he passed
away." Several years ago Gabby's father
and two uncles put up a Guy Scott Me-
morial Award, a fancy blanket, for the
dirtiest at Dighton, Karns, where their
father's horses had won dozens of times.
"I was down in Tucson, Ariz. with some
raceshorses at the time," Gabby recalled.
"and I hauled a racehorse named Lit-
tle Heel 1,200 miles all the way to Digh-
ton just to win that blanket, 'cause I
wanted that blanket. I've got it at home
now. It's got worse on it. 'Guy Scott
Memorial, Dighton, American Legend
Race Meet, 1963,' on it. I wanted it
for my own keepsake."

Gabby is a refreshingly untroubled
person, but he does admit to one annoy-
ance: the distrust and cynicism he finds
in some racetrackers. "I'm truly sur-
prised at the way people act sometimes.
There was a man I'd raced against for
years, and he had a real good 3-year-old
colt and he entered him in a 2-year-old
race this summer, down at Barden, Kan-
sas. So I had a 2-year-old colt, too, and
I put him in the same race. And when I
outran his horse, he went and turned me
in. So they came over and mouthed at
his horse, and 'course he had a 3-year-old

month, there wasn't no doubt about
that. So I said, 'Being's we're gonna
mouth mine, let's just mouth the rest
of 'em.' So they found out his colt was
a 3-year-old, and he got thrown out,
too! Screwed him right. But I just get
mad about things like that. Why, the
other day this old boy that's done ev-
erything in racing, I mean he's dyed
'em, pulled 'em, doped 'em, everything
they is, he come up to me and he said,
'That's gonna be the reputation of rac-
ing, the way you run your horses under
different names.' He said, 'That's gonna
ruin the future of pari-mutuel racing
in Kansas.' I said, 'When I go to the
big tracks I do what everybody else
does. I register my horses, get 'em tested,
everything else. But when I'm around
the bush tracks I can do anything I want
to.' And I can. That's what I like about
the bush tracks. You don't have a whole
bunch of formality."

What with all the owners trying to
outmaneuver each other for the privilege
of entering their horses last, the first race
at Hidden Valley Downs got off an
hour and 15 minutes late, the usual de-
lay. By the time Ron Snell announced
the post parade for the first event, the
horsemen's section of the track was lit-
tered with rolling stock from Cadillac
to old Ford pickups, from expensive
horse-hauling rigs to others made of
flatbed trucks and sheeting, with the
south ends of horses packing densely
out of them. "Sovier looking the rig,
the carefuller you better be about bet-
ting against the horse," said an old timer.
"Wouldn't surprise me none to see if a po-
pover back onto one a them old rigs!"

A cold north wind, the first of the fall,
blew down to chill the gray day. Dust
and sand and icy little spits of rain filled
the air, and tumbleweed blew down the
track in long loops, going faster than
the horses' warning up, making some of
them shy and falter. A trotted mare
galloped a saddle horse up and down
the roadway where the spectators could
see him; he was the bush-track coun-
terpart of the man who drives his Porsche
40 miles an hour on route to the Indi-
anapolis 500. A small blonde woman with

a rainbow-hued shiner led a horse toward the paddock. Seven people shivered on the white benches overlooking the finish line, and three dozen cars were lined up along the rail. "Cold today, hot yesterday," a man said. "Y'either freeze or burn, one." Announcer Stull attempted to make a virtue of the weather. "It's a brisk, windy, such-a-kind-of-a day," he said by way of opening remarks on the P.A. system. Long after the scheduled time for the first race, horsemen were straggling down the track to take up their positions. "You can't hurry horsemen," Stull said cheerily. A horse galloped in front of the stand, and whirling flights of sand and dust were swept away on the wind with each foreshortened ear of Kansas history. "All right," Stull announced, "let's get started. We forgot the bugle, so there won't be any post calls today. You might see racing at Commercial, but you'll never see better-bred horses than right here today at Hidden Valley Thoroughs." Three jockeys, the only ones who had shown up, mounted their horses for the opener. There were Frank Davis, who owns horses, trains them and rides them, and runs a gas station on the side; Ivan Cunningham, a professional jockey on the far side of his career; and Carl Terrell, a 120-pound sheet-metal worker from Wichita who picks up extra cash by racing on weekends (\$5 for riding and \$5 extra for winning, plus occasional tips from big winners).

For those customers accustomed to races of five furlongs and up, the quarter-mile scamper down the straightaway seemed to be over before it started. One horse cut off the others at the start, then squeaked through a needle-narrow opening halfway down the course and moved away to win easily. One of Bill Rowland's neighbors took a Polaroid picture of the finish, for the benefit of the three official judges, also neighbors, but there was no doubt of the finish, nor was there any doubt that an inquiry sign would have gone up immediately if there had been an inquiry sign, if there had been a film patrol, if the track enforced fouls, if. . . . "There isn't any way you can call fouls on the bus track," Stull explained. "If you call 'em, you

just cause more trouble. Anyway, things run pretty much according to Hoyle here. The jockeys know that if they foul they're gonna be fouled right back in the next race. They enforce things themselves. We let 'em get their justice on the track."

The second race was over five-eighths of a mile, or a little more than once around the track, and insiders knew that the best of the three entries was a bay gelding listed in the program as "B. Watch" and owned by one Marvin Scott of Commercial. From the beginning, however, it was plain that, win or lose, this was not going to be Gabby's day. The night before the race, enjoying a session of rest and rehabilitation at the Brown Wheel spa in Hutchinson, Gabby had been taken with a small case of over-indulgence, which ended only when he ran out of pocket money and returned to his camper for a few hours' sleep. Now Gabby led Beauty's Watch into the makeshift paddock in the infield, miscalculated the width of the opening and backed the horse into a sharp pole. Beauty's Watch reared, and Gabby had to take a firm hold on the horse's ear to control him. From then on, every step was a battle royal. Seen Gabby was holding the horse by the nostrils, whereupon the excited animal bit his tongue and, to Gabby's dismay, started to bleed from the mouth. "That horse can outrun anything if he gets saddled up O.K.," said one of the overalled dolefuls standing next to the paddock, "but he's got his head blown off now."

Finally the three horses, all of them acting a little rank, were grabbing sideways down the track toward the starting gate. Beauty's Watch, or "B. Watch," tried to unload Jockey Terrell just before going into the gate, and then broke cleanly and on top, like the old pro he was. Terrell dropped him off the pace, moved him back into the lead at the second turn, got squeezed tightly between two horses and dropped back again, and finally took off in the stretch to win by a length going away.

Gabby had an unhappy look as he walked out to retrieve his fractious winner. He explained that in all the excitement of saddling up, he had failed to

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ANYTHING GOES *continued*

get a bet. He took the reins and began fighting the excited horse all over again. "Quiet, you bastard!" Gabby said. "I don't know what's making you so ornery today, you old son of a bitch!" Winning trainer and winning horse posed uncomfortably for pictures and then headed off into the distance in squirming concert, Gabby jerking and pulling at the horse, the horse rearing and fussing at Gabby. "Who's leading who?" a spectator cracked as Beauty's Watch took a three-foot lead on the struggling owner. "Man," said an exercise boy, "Gabby musta stuck the needle in you far today."

"Musta chim the whole drugstore," said someone else.

The precise nature of the betting at bush tracks was not manifest until several races had gone by. In the first place, Hidden Valley Downs is not one of the big-betting bush tracks. It is still in its first season, and Bill Rowland is a careful man, and all the big gamblers know that if any of them showed up with a chalked handbook alongside the paddock, the way they do at Barden and Anthony and Woodward, why, Bill Rowland would throw them out. The betting takes more subtle forms at Hidden Valley Downs. A man walks through the crowd muttering, "I'll take B. Watch and give the field," and somebody else will hold up five fingers, and the bet is on.

The old pros, the gamblers who follow the bush tracks and are loosely described as "the vultures," stood in a blue-jeaned knot behind the spectators and, because of the paucity of the crowd, spent most of the afternoon cutting themselves up financially. "When these guys bustle each other," said a local journalist, "only mankind can benefit." Everyone missed the presence of master betters (and master horsemen) like the renowned Andy West, owner of Tomto Sam, the bush-track Citation. "If Andy was here, you'd see some action," said one of the racetrack habitués. "He goes through the crowd with a big roll of bills in his hand, and he's so clever that it's pret' near impossible to outcon him on a bet. He'll stand there and he'll say, 'I take Tomto Sam against the whole field,' and then he'll call out the names

of the other horses one by one and maybe say a word or two about them, till somebody gets tempted, or he'll take Tomto Sam and give you daylight, meaning Tomto Sam has to open up daylight between himself and your horse or he'll offer that his horse'll be ahead by two lengths at the halfway mark, and stuff like that. Downers and downers of different bets, and he's a pretty well-educated guy about horsemen as well as horses. I'll tell you, the people that follow the bush tracks, the real professional bettors, they very seldom go against Tomto Sam or Andy West unless he gives 'em at least daylight."

"This spring at Cinnamon," Ron Stull said, "they were running some schooling races, and this stranger pulled in from Canadian, Texas with a little more than none of them knew. Andy West was there with five horses, and this stranger started complaining about the gates and the track and everything else and bragging on his own horse and making himself pretty obnoxious. Finally he said, 'Hell, there isn't any use unloading my mare, there isn't anything around here that could give her a race.'

"And by this time Andy was tired of it, and he said, 'Listen here, I've taken about all of that Texas lip I'm gonna take. I'll tell you what we're gonna do. I'll run yeh any damn distance you want to run. You name it, and old Sam'll take you on.' And the Texan said, 'How much do we bet?' And Andy West said, 'A dollar a yard.' Soon after that the Texan left a lot quieter than he came. After he drove off Andy West said, 'Boy, I'm glad he didn't take me up on it, 'cause I looked at that mare of his and she looked like a scorpion.'"

Every now and then someone like the Texan will show up on race day, sometimes going to outlandish lengths to conceal his purpose, and make a killing at the expense of the locals. One of the most recent was a stranger who appeared pulling a battered old horse trailer with "Simon Kent" labeled on the side. "Here comes this guy with a one-horse rented trailer with dents all over it," said Ron Stull, "and he didn't even unload his horse. He pulled into the infield and then strolled around in his white shirt

and stands and no hit, looking just like an amateur, and a little while later he unloaded his horse and won the race and left with all the money. His rig didn't look so amateur then."

For the most part, the professional gamblers of the bush-track circuit make their living by exploiting a few simple facets of human behavior. "There's a lot of people just can't resist taking the field against one horse," one observer explained. "and that's what you usually offer them, especially if you know your horse has a lock on the race. They figure they've got six or seven horses to your one. That looks good to 'em. And if you've been around horse people you know there's a disease called 'owner's blindness.' These men'll pretty nearly always bet on their own horses or their friends' horses, even though actually deep down they know they only have a ghost of a chance. And the pro gamblers skin that loyalty money right off the top when they're out getting bets. After they get all the loyalty money, they start trying to make good bets, getting people were enough to accept foolish bets. It's not a bit different than pool handling. Matter of fact, you go around the pool halls in the dead of winter and you'll see a lot of these same guys. They'll handle anything—pool, horses, even license numbers. Values, that's all they are."

By the fifth race of the history afternoon, Stan Goble was in a horseman's heaven of anticipation. Little Bopper was to go three-eighths of a mile against Ron Stahl's Weigh Behind, a colt named Jay Bar Do and a mare owned by Gobby Scott and entered under the name Blondie. None of the horses was a winner over the distance at Hidden Valley, and Stan Goble figured that right here and now was the time to show that his training methods were going to pay off. What he did not know, as he saddled Little Bopper in the paddock and hoisted the jockey up, was that Blondie was running under an alias, that her Christian name was Dee Van 2, that she had already won 10 or a dozen races during the season and that the distance was perfect for her.

The horses went out on the course, and for the first time that day at Hidden Valley, spectators saw a touch of genuine class: one of the horses had an outsider! There he was, Stan Goble, all 233 pounds of him, giving last-minute instructions to the jockey and last-minute encouragement to the horse. Stan and his saddle horse led Little Bopper all the way to the starting gate and then backed off to watch.

"Blondie's in the gate," Ron Stahl's amplified voice intoned across the meadow. "Weigh Behind's in. There's Little Bopper in the gate. Here's Jay Bar Do ready to come a-runnin'. Watch these horses break outta this gate like a bat outta Caribbad. . . . And here they come! Blondie broke out on top, Jay Bar Do second on the inside, Little Bopper third, Weigh Behind last. . . . Here they come around the far turn, and it's Blondie on the inside, and here comes Jay Bar Do on the outside. Little Bopper in the middle and making a move! As they come down the stretch it's Blondie out in front by a necklength, and now Little Bopper's taking Jay Bar Do! Blondie is the winner in 33.8 seconds and second is Jay Bar Bopper!"

Stan Goble galloped down the track to retrieve his horse, glorious second-place finisher in a glorious race! The track broke precedent and allowed the place horse to stand in the winner's circle for an official Polaroid photo. Marvin Scott and first-place Dee Van 2, also doing business as Gobby and Blondie, were all but forgotten. Stan stood to one side for the ceremony and talked to his horse. "Hold your head up!" he instructed. "You're a celebrity now!" Stan said he was a little overcast "because a lot of the guys at the plant want to get in on this horse, but they just wanted to wait to see how this race turned out." Stan said he didn't think he would quit his job yet, but that the horse business showed promise. Then he threw a fancy blanket over Little Bopper and remained conspicuously in the infield, hot-walking his horse, while other bush trackers shouted, "Nice race. Stan! Looked good, Stan! Gonna be a winner, Stan!" The world's happiest hot-walker, rounder, trainer, owner and

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ANYTHING GOES *continued*

stock clerk said he figured that Little Bopper had every opportunity to become a superstar.

Later Ron Stull and Bill Rowland were putting together some figures in the tiny track office. The total receipts were \$799, of which \$218 was returned to the horsemen. They figured there were about 300 spectators in all, give or take a hundred or so, and the admission fee was \$1, but most of the spectators were also horsemen and, for each horse brought into the track, two horsemen were allowed in free, so the gate receipts on this break-even day were not going to brighten Bill Rowland's retirement plans. The total gross profit, before paying the folks at the self-drink stand and the ticket-takers at the entrance and various other expenses, was \$153.

As for Stan Gable and his syndicate, they had won \$18 for placing in the fifth race, but their entry fee had been \$17 and their jockey fee another \$5; so each syndicate member wound up losing \$30 on the day, or, as Stan Gable put it, "a lot less'n we'd a spent if we'd a gone bunking."

Just as the last glimmer of day disappeared behind the sorghum field to the west, Gable Scott webbed into the track office and contacted the officials; that he was a fan of fighting his horse and his headache and wondered if he could get paid off. "I got a long way to drive tonight," he explained. He had won two first-place purses, plus a \$10 side bet on Bionde, for a profit of \$60, which he would have to split later with his partner. For that, he had driven 300 miles hauling two horses, slept two nights in his camper, spent all his pocket money in the Brown Wheel and almost got gut-wrenched, the old fellow—that is, the real American—his second-best horse coming gut back to his camper and his two-horse van, Gable said he did not begrudge Hidden Valley Downs all his time and expense and trouble. Hidden Valley Downs needed him, he said, and he needed Hidden Valley Downs, and anything that he could do to help racing he would gladly do all over again. One of the horses whinnied from the van, and Gable put the camper into gear for the long haul home to Cimarron. **BMD**

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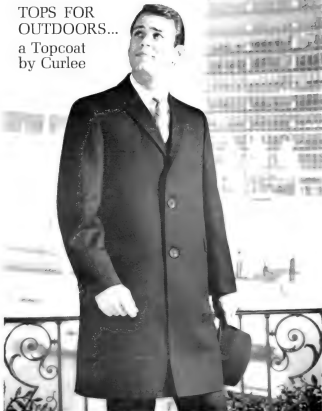


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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DEFEAT

Sir:

As is oft said, "One picture is worth a thousand words." The picture accompanying this article that has not my eye in many a day was presented in the issue of *M* containing the coverage of the World Series (Oct. 17). The moment when fate struck Willie Davis for the first time that afternoon is graphically depicted, but there is something more stunning in the photograph than the Dodgers center fielder's bobble or the ball that is falling from his grasp. It is the faces of the crowd behind him. Nothing written by the capable men of the press, nothing uttered by the knowledgeable broadcasters, has captured or could ever capture the exact moment of Dodger defeat as does that photograph. And it was *defeat*, gentlemen, as surely as Sandy Kousser is the best pitcher of this modern era. From that moment on, the Dodgers and their fans became disbelievers in the fact that the L.A. club was the best team in baseball. It was this belief that carried the Dodgers to the pennant. They didn't win the pennant with pitching; they won it because they paralyzed the arms of Kousser, Chavez, Drysdale and Sutton with the belief that they were the best team in organized baseball. When Davis bared his mortality in that fateful swing, both the Dodgers, and their fans, realized the horrifying possibility that maybe they weren't the best. Look at the faces in that crowd, and ask yourselves if it is not defeat and disbelief that you see. There, gentlemen, is that photograph: the unbelievable story of the 1966 World Series.

LEONARD LARSEN

Somerville, Mass.

SHINOBU

Sir:

Congratulations to Dan Jenkins on his article about the best quarterback in the American Football League. Joe Willie Namath (*The Secret Life of Swinging Joe*, Oct. 17). It gave me real insight into the life of this truly cool guy. Mr. Jenkins says that if Joe stays healthy he will achieve his greatest ambition, which is to become a good quarterback rather than a rich one. I feel that he has already achieved that ambition.

DAVID L. HARRINGTON

Hempstead, N.Y.

Sir:

What happened to Dan Jenkins? He used to be pretty deadheaded. Now he says "Joe Namath may be Johnny Unitas and Paul Hornung rolled into one?" Is that the statement of a sane man? Joe Namath may be in the AFL, but there are about 14 quarter-

backs in the NFL that are better. It isn't right to put Namath's name on the same page with that of John Unitas.

CHARLES W. LITER

St. Louis Park, Minn.

Sir:

What you're saying is that Namath couldn't pass a football. Compare him to Fran Tarkenton and the same would hold true for a football.

JOHN MORGAN

Des Moines

Sir:

That Namath article is one I would have expected to find in some girls' magazine, not in *M*. I'm sure if you looked you could have found someone who likes the image of an athlete that our young people could look up to. In my opinion, the NFL is fortunate he didn't sign with St. Louis.

MRS. R. J. GILSON

Minneapolis

Sir:

Your story was excellent, but you really did not have to make one of the better quarterback's sound like a hack, putting "man" at the end of all these sentences. Leave some out next time, even if Joe said them all.

LEON GLASSBERG

Los Altos Hills, Calif.

CIVIL WAR

Sir:

I see in your pages that Pro-Quarterback Joe Namath is "touchy" about all the publicity given Notre Dame. I agree with him. Notre Dame, which is now playing the softest schedule it has had in years, is always in the top 10 after it has crushed such powers as Northwestern 38-7. Then when the Irish come up against a real team such as Purdue and Michigan State they are put in their proper, mediocre place. After the rise and fall of Notre Dame over the past two seasons, the experts should know better.

But Alabama is also a very purposed team in the polls. In 1964 Bama went 10-0, to the Orange Bowl and the national championship. Then it lost to Texas 21-17 but still maintained its national crown.

PAUL BLOOM

Albany

Sir:

Namath's statement, "I'll guarantee you that a team like Louisiana Tech can beat about 80 of those lousy schools up here [in the East]," is obviously a strike at the press for its comments on Alabama's "very schedule" (which includes Louisiana Tech). Unfortunately, what he says is true.

Without a doubt the East is at the bottom of the barrel in collegiate football, where they have been nestled for several years. The only region that plays some football is the Vacation Peninsula.

Happily, our backs will be as fast and elusive and our linemen as quick and aggressive as anyone else's... someday. Until then we will just have to ask the rest of the country to read lightly.

MIKE DAVIS

State College, Pa.

DEA

Sir:

Mark Mulvey's article on the "plutocrats of the professional tour" was excellent (*I'm Tired to Walk in the Rain*, Sept. 26). I enjoyed the chart showing the leaders' total winnings, too, but thought it could have been a bit more interesting if it carried an Official Earnings Average column based on the number of tournaments played as well as the gross figures. The ECA ratings would have gone like this:

1. NICKLAUS	\$5,995
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3. PALMER	3,988
4. SNEDECOR	2,901
5. HILLHAIR	2,802
6. BRIDGES	2,730
7. SANDERS	2,629
8. JANEY	2,440
9. BOONICAR	2,412
10. GILBERT	2,339
11. H. SPOON	2,282
12. BARD	2,210

Only two of the golfers held the same position in both average and total earnings: Palmer and Gilberger.

BOB FOST

New York City

AIRWAVES

Sir:

I feel you have done the New York Yankees an injustice by saying that by firing Red Barber they have shown they "couldn't quite live" about their responsibility to the literary (Snooze) set, Oct. 10. I go home to New York every summer and have the opportunity to listen to many Yankee broadcasts. Red Barber was the epitome of the Yankees' "cold" image. His complete lack of emotion often left the listener bored with a game that is often boring enough by nature. But perhaps the worst facet of his announcing was that he mumbled and dawdled so much he was often incomprehensible. Joe Garagiola, Jerry Coleman and Phil Rizzuto are all far superior announcers to Barber. They not only know all the technical points of the game, but they add a vigor and zest to their

Continued

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10TH HOLE *continued*

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Columbus, Ohio

STEVE GOLDSTEIN

Sirs:

In areas far removed from big-league cities, daily radio baseball broadcasts fill the gaps left by the limitations of newspaper reporting. Radio baseball is, to me, more than just constant contact with the exploits of a single team; it is, rather, an intimate association with baseball. Needless to say, I was crazy about Red Barber.

Barber recognized and appreciated the beauty of baseball, and he made no bones about saying so. In his respect for the game Red would never stoop to rickmanning players or in any other way "greasing up" the play-by-play to impress his audience. The listener who needs a disc-jockey-voiced announcer with a ready stream of crickey phrases, ticklewords and excuses for his team's ineptness is not a true fan. Unfortunately, true fans are in the minority.

WAYNE CHRISTENSEN, JR.

Nashville

FLERT, FLEETER

Sirs:

As a Syracuse and Floyd Little fan for the past three years, I resent some of the statements made in your article, *The Street Is Mine* (Oct. 10). Your "board of experts," the pro scouts, state that Little is "overrated" and rank him eighth, when certainly he should be first.

BILL MUELEN

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

Syracuse's Floyd Little has had more touchdown runs of over 30 yards than any other back in major college football in the last two years. He also scored more touchdowns last year than any other major college player in the nation, had the best point-return average and gained 1,065 yards rushing for an average of 3.32 yards per carry. I can't understand how the pro scouts can call Floyd overrated. This year he will probably break all the records of former Orangemen Jim Brown and the late Ernie Davis. I suppose they were overrated also.

CHARLES HALLERIN

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

In your interesting article on college running backs, please confirm that the pro scouts were only rating halfbacks. The top rusher of all has to be 250-pound Idaho Fullback Roy McDonald.

He won't make fans forget Jimmy Brown, but I think he'll make them remember him.

MIKE CAHIRT

San Francisco

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